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## REVOLT OF THE BETRAYED

INSURGENCY straws in the west have shown the temper of the political wind that is blowing, but it has remained for the Pine Tree State to demonstrate beyond peradventure what we have been urging for two years past—that the next house of representatives is more than likely to be Democratic. When the Republican leaders basely betrayed the consumers of the country by giving to the beneficiaries all they demanded, in the farcical tariff revision sell-out, the fate of the standpat contingent at Washington was pronounced. Prior to that time we had urged that only by an honest revision downward could their doom be averted; when this was not forthcoming their "mene, mene" was written and because of his complaisance and later efforts to bolster up a bad cause, Mr. Taft's hopes of a second term went a-glimmering.

Now Maine has spoken her protest, and it would not be surprising to find that Senator Hale, the bosom friend of Aldrich and other standpaters, will have to walk the plank, along with Senator Burrows of Michigan, just defeated by the uprising in the Wolverine state. With La Follette triumphantly indorsed in Wisconsin, Poindexter chosen in the state of Washington, where Ship Subsidy Shouter Humphrey has been defeated for congress, Vermont registering the lowest Republican plurality the state has known in forty years, and the significant insurgent victories elsewhere, the revolt of the masses against the perfidy of the Republican standpat leaders becomes manifest.

California will probably choose a Republican governor in the person of Hiram Johnson, who represents the disaffected rank and file of the party, but the intrusion of an unpopular candidate for the United States senate on the Johnson ticket may result in throwing the legislature into the

Democratic camp. As to the California delegation at Washington, already McLachlan and McKinlay have been repudiated, because of their adherence to Cannon and all that he represents, and the Eighth district is threatened unless Representative Smith changes his tactics and declares himself opposed to another term for the present speaker of the house. The high cost of living, due primarily to the unpardonable and unjustifiable high tariff, is responsible for the political discontent evidenced.

## PLANNING POLITICAL HARI-KARI

RUMOR has it that in the event of a deadlock in the state legislature, yet to be elected, should the Lincoln-Roosevelt faction be in control, the plan is to unite on Lee C. Gates for United States senator, the unpopularity of John D. Works among his own following being notorious. We have a high regard for Mr. Gates, and believe he would ably represent the state at Washington, but how can the dominant wing of the Republican party in California, whose motto is "the square deal," consistently ignore the advisory vote of the Republicans at the recent primary election, which, by a decisive majority of districts, named Mr. Albert G. Spalding of San Diego as the successor to Senator Flint? To ignore this mandate is to be false to the fundamental principles of the reform party that the voice of the people shall rule.

When Oregon was in the pre-election throes of choosing a United States senator and its Republican legislature was advised by the Portland Oregonian to disregard the popular vote that gave to Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat, the coveted toga, the same California newspapers that are now inclined to ignore the endorsement for Spalding were emphatic in rebuking the party organs that proposed infamy to the sister legislature. It is true that in Oregon the popular vote is obligatory, while in California it is merely advisory, but the principle, surely, is the same. It is idle to say that Works received the majority vote. As we have heretofore pointed out, he polled only 1,500 votes more than Spalding, due to the strength of the Johnson following in Los Angeles county. Without this he was hopelessly defeated. As it is, Spalding has carried 31 counties to Works' 21, giving the San Diego man 75 votes in joint session at Sacramento to 39 for Works, in the event that the Republican nominees for the senate and assembly are successful at the polls next November.

When it is considered that Works campaigned for months before Spalding could be prevailed upon by his friends to become a candidate, which acquiescence was reluctantly given only three weeks before the primary, the significance of Works' light vote becomes the more apparent. In Los Angeles, for example, Mr. Spalding did no campaigning, used no newspaper space and, save for the editorial estimate of his personality, which appeared in The Graphic, he was almost ignored by the daily and weekly press of this city. Yet he polled in excess of 4,000 votes in this county. To say that Works has carried the state is an absurd disregard of the facts. The primary law gives the advisory vote to the one who carries a majority of the senatorial and assembly districts. Has Works done this?

If the preconceived effort that is now under way, to deprive Spalding of the fruits of his victory, shall result in the flouting of the thirty-one counties that have declared for him, it will be a sorry victory for the successful faction in the Republican party since it will stamp the league leaders as false to the people as well as to their own announced principles. We cannot believe they will commit political hari-kari so early in their career. We can assure them that Spalding is a man well worthy of their implicit con-

fidence, on whom the state may rely at all times for alert and impartial representation in case he is elected to succeed Senator Flint.

## ROOSEVELT-LORIMER INCIDENT

IN RESIGNING from the Hamilton Club, Senator Lorimer followed the only course that a self-respecting individual could take, in view of the ultimatum of Colonel Roosevelt regarding the banquet, which inhibited the presence of the Illinois junior United States senator. This is not to say that Lorimer is deserving of general sympathy. In the eyes of the public, if not of the law, he is under a ban that is not removed because one of his subordinates, accused of bribe-giving in his behalf, has been adjudged not guilty. Too many Democratic members of the former Illinois legislature have confessed their guilty participation in Lorimer's purchased seat in the United States senate to exonerate him off-hand.

Colonel Roosevelt is being criticized for his "high-handed" action in demanding the exclusion of Lorimer as a fellow-banqueter. It is pointed out that he is now a private citizen, and nothing more. True, but the banquet was in his honor and he had a right to voice a protest if one of the "distinguished" guests at the seat of honor was persona non grata. The fault, primarily, lies with Lorimer, who should have had the decency to relieve the Hamilton Club of any possible embarrassment on his account by stating emphatically that he would not be present. He is in political penumbra, pending the result of the senatorial investigation of the bribery charges and should sing extremely low. Instead of this, he was actually planning to make a speech, it is said, "in case he was called upon." Nor is this surprising to those who are cognizant of the Lorimer stripe of politician.

Nor can the Hamilton Club wholly escape deserved criticism. Hardly one of their number harbors a doubt as to Lorimer's guilt. At close range the manner of his entrance into the United States senate may not be so repugnant to Lorimer's fellow Republicans in the club as it appears to the outsider, from afar. It is not the first time a United States senator from Illinois has been accused of bribing his way into the upper house at Washington. But fashions change in politics, and the people have developed an aversion to this form of infamy. The Hamilton Club should have sent word to the beclouded senator that, pending his rehabilitation by a vote of the United States senate, sitting as a committee of the whole on his case, he should consider himself "off the rolls." Colonel Roosevelt has his faults, but he has the courage of his convictions, at least, and when he knows he is right, the public requires no ear trumpet to catch the drift of his remarks. As a moral awakener not even the Angel Gabriel is his superior.

## TAFT'S SAVING AT THE SPIGOT

HOW inspiring to the average American would be the announcement from Beverly that President Taft has devised an entirely new plan for promoting economy, increasing efficiency and preventing waste of the government's funds in the executive department at Washington, were it not for the disturbing thought that the executive has, almost in the same breath, declared his purpose to put through a ship subsidy bill next winter that will mulct the taxpayers of millions of dollars annually. The sole benefit to be derived from this proposed expenditure is the enriching of more special-privileged concerns; that it will result in lower ocean freights or better protection to American seamen is not even pretended.

No, indeed. President Taft, with a fatuous disregard of the facts, is going to restore the American marine to the high seas, the proud position



is was wont to occupy before the insurmountable tariff wall shut out American bottoms from the markets of the world because of a paucity of return cargoes. A study of marine history will show Mr. Taft that under the Walker low tariff law of 1857 American merchant vessels were to be found in every civilized port of the globe, with their holds filled with paying freights and the shipping business in never so prosperous a condition. With the elevation of the tariffs during the Civil War and their continuance on the same high level ever since, the fast clipper-built ships that were the pride of every American in antebellum days, were put out of commission. Ocean carrying trade by American ships dwindled and finally ceased altogether, the one-time profits having been gobbled up by the cormorantic trusts specially protected by the infamous tariff laws.

Mr. Taft ought to know that the plan he advocates of taking the eight million dollars annual revenue from the foreign mail service and paying it out in subsidies to private shipping interests will revive nothing but the stock quotations on privately-owned shares of a few ocean transportation lines. As a permanent restorative of our merchant marine, the plan to rob the postal service (owned by the people) to enrich special interests is a howling farce. Mr. Taft's "best ever" tariff law is the thing to attack. Reduce the schedules to a living basis—living for the consumers, we mean—change the navigation laws, so artfully drawn in the interests of the steel trust and other pate de foie privileged interests, and then see how surely the ocean trade will return to the ships flying the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Taft would save us a few hundred thousands by his pet economy scheme and rob the people of millions by favoring the ship subsidy steal. Truly, he is a philanthropist of large girth.

#### PARASITE OF OVERDEVELOPMENT

IN HIS essay on "Parasitic Culture" in the current Popular Science Monthly, Dr. Dawson cleverly attacks the enforced study of Greek and Latin and the higher mathematics, as well as the overdevelopment of athletic energies, by arguing that a disused muscular or cerebral development quickly becomes a parasite on the remainder of the organism, and there is more in his argument than cleverness, no doubt. It is true that many of the things learned in a university course are of little avail in the active walks of life. And Dr. Dawson specifically disavows the old tenet that the mere learning of something is a wholesome mental exercise. To learn that which is subsequently to be forgotten is not merely a waste of time, he says, but the creation of a parasite that will prey upon and weaken the brain!

Whether this be strictly scientific or not let biology attest. It certainly has the flavor of sound reason, and fits well with the rule that everything is for something else. Wealth for its own sake, art for art's sake, work for the sake of working or play for the sake of playing, the fruit of it all is dead sea fruit. Wholesome exercise is that which is taken incidentally to some useful or pleasing work. The same rule well may be true in education. But it does not necessarily follow that Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics must be eliminated from the curriculum. Their acquirement may not always result in undue cerebral development. Boys and girls differ, and the trend of modern education is more and more toward a recognition of that difference, and its encouragement.

When classical studies are enforced as requirements for admission, against the inclination and disposition of the pupil, then they reasonably may be argued as injurious. To fix a hard and fast rule by which to measure each pupil is the greatest evil. Let the curriculums become more and more elastic, with the end in view of giving fullest scope and encouragement to natural qualities and bents. This is by far the safer course. A study that may strain one brain to the point of parasitic culture may be only normal exercise for another mentality, and there is as great danger in undevelopment as in overdevelopment. If individual uniqueness were more encouraged and iron laws and rigid rules less insisted upon, if man could trust nature a little more and himself a little less, the educational institutions would be

turning out men and women of more use to society. Initiative is the greatest factor in success. This is discouraged by rigidity, and encouraged by elasticity.

#### VEXED SOUTHERN NEGRO QUESTION

WHAT may be justly regarded as a valuable contribution to the literature of the country on our negro problem is Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart's book, "The Southern South." Calmly, painstakingly, and bravely he sets forth the conditions as they are—and they are not well. There are two million reasons in the south, he says, for believing that there is no divinely implanted race instinct against miscegenation. There are twenty million whites in the south and ten million blacks. Theoretically, the whites despise the blacks, but actually there is no such natural racial antipathy to the negro in the south as exists in the north among those who theoretically refuse to consider the negro a lower branch of the human family. This theoretical, or abstract, hatred of the negro in the south mixes in strange ways with an almost total lack of personal antipathy or dislike, producing many fantastic results and a perfect maze of inextricable bi-problems.

There are five million whites in the Appalachian mountain regions who can neither read nor write, and the government does little or nothing for them. They look with jealous eye on the millions of dollars spent to educate the black man, "who won't never be nothin' but a nigger, no-how!" When there is a competitive examination for a small federal office in this region, the black boy wins it, because he can read and write and cipher, which the white boy cannot do.

There are many complications like this in the negro question—when it is considered as a separate question—problems that books and logic will never solve. Here is a story from Alabama, of a terrible outrage on a white girl by a negro—"an educated negro," as the southern man will tell you with peculiar emphasis. And there—on the next page of the book of life in the south—is the heart-rending tale of the belle of the city, who marries its most prominent young lawyer, and their first child is as black as coal. The answer is that the young man's mother was a negro, though that fact had been hidden successfully for years. The result was—two homicides and a suicide.

Talk to an observant, open-minded man or woman, who has lived in the south a few years, and you will hear strange tales. As a separate problem, it would seem that the negro question in the south can never be adjusted by any other agency than that of time—with its hidden, silent forces. The northern idea of the negro is theoretical, and correct, no doubt. The southern idea is concrete, and wrong, no doubt.

There is a better way to view the whole question, perhaps, a larger, truer and more hopeful way. In this view there is no separate negro question. The problem is not of color, but of scientific, economic adjustment. The white man's and the black man's cause in this country is one and the same. Everybody who can see to the end of his nose must realize that our social and economic affairs have not progressed at the same scientific ratio as have the other departments of life, and the result is there is much injustice and a considerable abridgment of freedom in all civil life. Economically, we are tangled, but we seem to know it, and the tangle will be unraveled. When it is unraveled, and we have reached a sane and rational basis of social life, it will be found there is room enough in this country for all its inhabitants to dwell in harmony. Then the negro question will solve itself calmly and peacefully. Just now it is the turmoil of reconstruction. Ideals and institutions and methods are changing, growing. Life is being rationalized. Something better will come out of the grinding, and then it will be found there is no negro question, as a separate problem.

All of which is suggested by, but by no means to be attributed to, Professor Hart's book, which presents the case for the south in a far more concrete manner. Professor Hart is a Harvard member, and his book is published by the Appletons. Side by side with it is a series of mono-

graphs on "Social and Mental Traits of the Negro," by a Columbia University professor, Howard W. Odum (Longmans, Green & Co.). Dr. Odum believes the negro will achieve his place entirely as a separate race. This is the view that pleases the southern white, and which one is likely to accept while on the scene of action. Standing off a little, considering the two million intermixtures already a fact, and the circumstance that the white race increases at a faster rate than the black in this country—ah, well! who can lift the veil from the mystic future?

#### GRAPHITES

Perhaps Representative S. C. Smith of the Eighth (Cal.) congressional district will be heard from in regard to his contemplated attitude toward Cannon, now that Maine has repudiated standpatism by electing a Democratic governor and legislature. A few more sharp prods, such as the Redlands Review and the Riverside Press have administered, may convince Mr. Smith that the early advice tendered to him and his defeated colleague, James McLachlan, by The Graphic, is well worth following. If he fails to declare his intention of voting against Cannon for speaker, he must not be surprised if his Democratic opponent captures the district. It is in the air.

Apparently, the result of the Ballinger-Pinchot senatorial investigation is to resolve itself into a political party issue, just as we intimated from the first. Four Democrats and one insurgent met in pursuance to call at St. Paul, Minn., September 6, and pronounced Ballinger guilty as charged. But as five is not a quorum of twelve, the Republican members not being able to get together, have repudiated the verdict, declaring it to be merely the expression of the minority. Senator Flint, who is abroad, seems to hold the key to the situation, and as he will not return until after election, it is evident no decision will be rendered until the country has pronounced its ipse dixit on the present administration. Evidence accumulates that the people have made up their minds that Ballinger must go, and with him the Republican majority of the house.

Holding that "The principle of local option on moral questions is unsafe and un-American," the Prohibition party must count on scant support in California. The phrase quoted is from the national party's platform, which was indorsed in toto by the state convention, held last week at San Jose. If there is one well-established American political principle, it is surely that of local government in moral questions. This initial clause in the Prohibition platform is a denial of the principle upon which was built the American republic. However men may differ as to the expediency of Prohibition, there can be no "American" difference of opinion on the question of moral freedom. It was the first question that pressed for settlement on this continent and the first and most important of the constitutional guarantees. To abrogate that principle is to step backward into the middle ages. Without moral freedom there can be no republic.

New York city is spending \$125,000,000 for another subterranean railway. Forty-one miles of track must be completed in four years after the letting of the contract, bids for which are now being advertised. If the flying machine industry should keep pace with the progress of the automobile, may not part of this underground boring be rendered useless in a few years? Already, the passenger flying machine is a fact. Its development will probably depend upon the decrease in weight of motor power contrivances. It seems impossible now to build engines and motors light enough for airships, but the history of mechanical achievement is an iteration of the axiom that necessity is the mother of invention. The light-weight motor will be forthcoming in due time, and with its advent it is not highly probable that transportation methods will be altered beyond all relation to the present systems?

English cable dispatches in the daily press say that Earl Manvers of Nottinghamshire and Earl Carnarvon at Burton-on-Trent are subdividing large tracts of their private holdings and placing them on the market in parcels to suit purchasers. Other large landholders are preparing for the same action, it is said, and all as a result of the land tax feature of the Lloyd-George budget. If the land of England is to be taxed upon its population value, then the enormous private estates must be cut up into small holdings. The importance of this movement can scarcely be overestimated. It means, ultimately, the relief of all the



congested districts of English cities. Wherever and whenever land is accessible to the people—within reasonable reach of the centers of population and within the purchasing power of the people—there can be no serious and threatening industrial conditions. It is only as land begins to be held out of use and at prices beyond the reach of the masses to pay, that really dangerous economic difficulties begin. It would seem that England has perhaps taken the first step toward a sane and rational readjustment of her social inequalities and injustices.

Colorado's plan of humanely using her convicts for the construction of good roads should be considered seriously in this state. That better roads are needed in California is self-apparent. That there are thousands of convicts being worked to the limit of torture for the enrichment of a few private contractors is also a fact. A third factor in the matter is that the citizens are asked to bond themselves for eighteen millions to be expended by contractors in road building. Let these three verities be weighed carefully by the people who have to "foot the bills." We believe the result of any thoughtful deliberation upon the subject will be in favor of the state building its own roads by the labor of its convicts.

Almost daily the observant person is reminded of the exceeding swiftness with which the panoramic scroll of life is unwound to our wondering vision—which trite reflection is brought to the surface this time and made to do service as a good enough hot weather introduction to the mechanical sensation of the week—Edison's moving pictures that talk as they move. He needs another year to perfect the device, he says, and then we are promised that we can sit lazily at home in our workday overalls and yet enjoy the play or the opera, all in the same hour of the same evening. He is going to put metropolitan opera into the hamlets of Iowa, and send Roosevelt and his speeches to the isolated prairie cabins, he says—and he will probably do it.

Preliminary figures of the census bureau apparently indicate that the greater rate of urban growth in the last decade has been among the smaller cities, those of 50,000 population or less. Nowhere is there a decrease in population shown by these statistics, but the larger cities, save in a few instances, have not increased their growth at the same ratio as in the previous ten years. Thus, St. Louis, with 687,000, has grown at the rate of 19.4 per cent since 1900, while in the prior decade its increase was at the rate of 27.3 per cent. Although it is too early—the figures are too incomplete—to enable a definite analysis to be made, the indications seem to be that upon the whole the increase in population of the United States has not maintained quite the same rate as in the ten years ending in 1900.

Eastern papers have much to say about the enticements of Europe for the summer tourist, and chief among these allurements are the fine roads for automobiling. Thousands of those who "cross the pond" each year never have been to California and know nothing of its charms as a summer outing place. If its roads were to become famous throughout the nation—and this might occur if the state were bonded for highways instead of for a fair, or if its convicts were put to roadmaking—the drift of European travel would change. "Switzerland the Favored Land for Autos," is a Chicago Post headline. California could easily win even a fairer renown than the most fascinating European resorts. Here there is no "weather" to dread, no rain to fear, and here is scenery as grand, as wild, as picturesque as anywhere on earth, but here the roads are bad—and "O, so dusty!" she said. So they went to Europe next year. It might be different.

That a shorter ballot means a more intelligent election is an idea that is forcing itself into political action all over the country. A citizen of sufficient mentality to vote intelligently usually has a few private interests that occupy a good deal of his attention—to state the case mildly—and such a preoccupied citizen obviously is not qualified to discriminate in a list of perhaps a hundred names on the official ballot. The result is that the candidates for the minor offices are chosen at random. Even this, of course, is better and cleaner "politics" than the old plan, which gave the voter merely an option between two or more lists of names nominated (?) by the ward, county and state bosses. Nevertheless, it is a weak point in the new system that easily can be obviated by increasing the appointive power of the chief executive officials. Let the governor, the sheriff, the

mayor and the courts appoint their own heads of departments and assistants. This concentration of power, within certain well-defined lines, is evidently a necessity for intelligent democratic organization. At base it is not so great a concentration of power as prevailed under the boss system. It is actually a diffusion of power. It is to take the power out of the hands of a few bosses and place it so conspicuously that the public attention is focused upon it at all times.

Paris dispatches tell of an open-air performance of Maeterlinck's beautiful play "Pelleas and Melisande." A unique feature of the production was the progress of the play in actual woods, castle and garden, instead of mere stage representations. The audience was conducted from a real scene in the woods to a terrace in front of the abbey at Saint Wandrille, near Rouen, and from the terrace to a court of honor, thence to an avenue of trees, to a fountain, to a bedroom, to an oratory, and back again to the grove where the play culminates in the death of the fair Melisande. This is Maeterlinck's own idea, the details of which are worked out by his accomplished wife, and is not the first production of his plays in this manner. Perhaps the work of no other dramatist would lend itself so readily to such a delightful presentation. The hope is being expressed that a permanent theater may be established for the purpose of producing Maeterlinck's plays in this large outdoor way. Such a playhouse would, doubtless, encourage the writing of other plays suitable for similar production, and the open-air drama of ancient days might be revived. It may be that modern stagecraft will, in a measure, return to its original wholesome and healthful habitat.

With the recent death of William Holman Hunt there passed from the scene of action the last and the sturdiest of that once-famed artistic brotherhood known as the Pre-Raphaelites. It was born about the middle of the last century of a righteous, but mistaken, protest against the tendency of modern art to leave the beaten paths of classic antiquity. Other members of the brotherhood faltered on the way. Modernity was in the air, and they could not withstand its influence. Holman Hunt remained true to his earlier light, and his career is well said to have "marked a decided stage in the adventures of Anglo-Saxon genius on the field of art." It was a noble brotherhood, and its effect upon art and esthetics—perhaps even upon ethics—was wholesome and far-reaching. The English mid-Victorian would have welcomed it and profited by it, and though its principles were soon discarded for the newer ideals, such works as "The Light of the World," "Christ the Carpenter" and "The Triumph of the Innocents" will always have a permanent place among master work of whatever age or school.

There is always room for another astronomical observatory and Mount Tamalpais, rising 3,500 feet above the Golden Gate, is an ideal site for one. A fund of \$500,000 is needed to start the observatory, but the star gazers expect to be able to raise that amount in the near future. If they are successful, California will be able to boast of three great astronomical stations, with a fourth near by at Flagstaff, Ariz. As to elevation and climatic conditions, probably the latter is the best equipped observatory on the Pacific slope. But the large new solar station on Mount Wilson is at least a close rival as to climate and elevation and is equipped with a more powerful telescope. The Mount Hamilton observatory, however, is the oldest one on the coast, and by reason of the splendid results obtained by its astronomers, it ranks as one of the most famous observatories in the world. No history of modern astronomy can be written without frequent reference to the discoveries made at Mount Hamilton. Still, as the work of astronomers progresses, the heavens grow larger instead of smaller, and there is urgent demand not only for the observatory which it is to be hoped soon will be established on Tamalpais, but for many others. Perhaps the science of astronomy is largely negligible to most of the bread-winning problems of the world, but man cannot live on bread alone, and a good deal of human effort is hourly and yearly expended in ways far less utilitarian and beneficial than that which goes into the noble and elevating science of astronomy.

Frederick L. Hoffman's article in the Chicago Evening Post on "Dust in City Streets" is a timely warning that should be heeded. "Other things being equal, the length of life will be in almost exact proportion to the degree and kind of dust exposure," he says. Particularly is dust a carrier of tubercular germs, a fact to which most American cities seem to be blind. A great deal of money

is spent by the state of California in educating people how to avoid infection from disease germs, and yet there is a popular disregard of the clouds of dust blowing about the city streets. In certain respects civilization has made greater strides in public sanitation than in any other strictly utilitarian science, yet there is a woeful apathy in the matter of dust. Next to sewage nothing is so dangerous to health as the pulverized filth blown about in the streets, which no one can avoid inhaling. There should be a general awakening on the subject. Dust is unnecessary. Dustless thoroughfares are entirely within the range of the practicable.

#### GRAPHICALITIES

Los Angeles' building record is good, but it might be better. If construction capital did not have to reckon with the tax collector, building operations would soon double themselves in this city. If vacant land were taxed the same as adjoining improved land, it would be more profitable to build and thus increase the general prosperity, than to hold the land idle and retard the city's growth. The vacant lot is neither ornamental nor profitable to any but the land speculator, and his is the one business that every city could well afford to discourage.

Recently, a department store in Portland, Ore., used thirty-two pages in one of the local papers to enlist the attention of the public, which prolix advertisement is being heralded afar as a great stroke of enterprise. But where is the man or woman who would voluntarily wade through thirty-two pages of such verbosity? Such a use of printer's ink was a waste of good money on the part of the advertiser and an outrage on the subscriber (not reader), perpetrated by the publisher.

Germany has an airship train, called the Zorn. It is 390 feet long, with a diameter of 42 feet and a capacity of 13,600 cubic meters. There are three sections, capable of being detached in mid air if necessary, and each section has three cars. The cost is \$150,000. Its use is for warfare. It is cheaper by far than the cheapest battleship, and a more dangerous contrivance, to the enemy, than an entire fleet of cruisers.

For the nine years of his reign, the late King Edward is said to have cost the British people \$42,500,000. English anti-royalist statisticians are now preparing to show the forthcoming parliament that a president at \$100,000 a year would have been cheaper. The information will fall on deaf ears, however, for, though royalty comes high, Englishmen will have it.

Dear, dear; Mr. Hearst fears that to raise the Maine from the mud of Havana harbor might subject the workmen to disease germs. His heart has grown tender since that time, just before the war, when he wired his hesitating Cuban correspondents, "You furnish the story; I'll furnish the war."

It is just as well to take a little ease in this dog day term of warm weather; and, really, there is no cause for alarm, William Randolph Hearst is on the job. He will fortify the Panama canal. And Colonel Roosevelt has agreed to help him clean up New York politics. Why worry? All's right with the world!

It is said that Mrs. Piper, the medium, is now "sitting" in London, "in the midst of a formidable band of investigators," waiting for a message from the late Professor James. Let us hope that the chair is cushioned and refreshments are within reach.

If the "thousands of American tourists" stranded in London and Paris, because the steamships are too crowded, will summer in California mountains or at the California beaches, we'll promise to see they get home on time.

It is estimated that the citrus crop this year will reach to fifty thousand carloads, or about double the orange and lemon shipments of last year—a promise of good times for Los Angeles and all Southern California.

Far less than half the cost of any and every forest fire, scientifically expended, would prevent the fire. As a nation we still have a fondness for tinkering with effects instead of dealing with causes.

Paris has statues in her thoroughfares of many great Americans, but none of the Lion Hunter—not yet.



# Molly Elliott Seawell's Illogical, Unreasoning Anti-Suffrage "Arguments"

**M**OLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL'S article against woman's suffrage in the Atlantic Monthly starts out boldly and promises to lead to safe and sure grounds in logic and common sense, but the promise is not redeemed. Its careful reading leads to nothing more substantial than straw men and ante-bellum arguments against human freedom. It is, upon the whole, despite its initial promises of "logical and practical reasons" against the suffrage movement, no fairer or weightier an essay than that of Margaret Deland's in the same magazine last spring, to the follies and false conclusions of which The Graphic took adequate exception at the time.

But now we are to have "logical and practical reasons." William Dean Howells has said that he has heard many appeals against woman suffrage, but that he has never heard any reasons against it. "Yet there are compelling reasons against it," says the present writer, and she is to present them. What are they? One's interest is aroused. Now, at least, we are to lay aside prejudice and emotion and view the question in that calm, precise and unfeeling manner with which science approaches an inquiry into the oscillations of a planetary orbit. We read:

"First, That in the states where there is limited suffrage, women have shown a general indifference to exercising suffrage." The writer's inference being that certain women do not care to vote. The point is well taken, but its bearing on the question of why those women who do want to vote should be denied the "privilege"—voting is a privilege, we are told, and not a right—is somewhat obscure. It has been noted that men confined in prisons for long terms are dazed with sudden freedom, and their inclination is to crawl back again to the dungeons that have become part and parcel of their lives. The phenomenon has been observed before, and by commentators as "logical" even as Molly Elliott Seawell. It occurs in a certain order of brain development and has been classified as a lacking of facility quickly to readjust the organism to new conditions. If the whole human race were thus constituted, a good argument might lie against the advisability of permitting new conditions, however beneficial. Such an argument would doubtless be countered, however, with the sentimental admonition that the meaning of life is to grow, even when growth means pain.

As to the question of whether voting is a right or a privilege, there are three answers, the most logical one of which the Atlantic essayist has not cared to indorse—if indeed, she is aware of it. This is Proudhon's answer that voting is, in effect, an imposition and impertinence, because its object is to impose upon the minority the will of the majority. It is the extreme view of a dreamer whose vision is of a future, when hate and anger shall have ceased to be impelling forces in social life, and war and violence have become obsolete. Such a vision is of no practical service at present, but it lies on the path of human progress and is therefore more in accord with natural processes and with the evolutionary trend of things than this view of Hamiltonian retrogression, to which we are invited by the writer, who bases an argument against equal suffrage on that aristocratic and monarchical tenet that "voting is a privilege and not a right."

In an oligarchy, voting rationally may be held to be a privilege, but if popular government is right, then voting is a right. Human ingenuity in all the ages never has conceived any other method of carrying on a popular government than by voting. In a democracy, voting is a fundamental and necessary and just right of all who are governed—not of all who fight or carry arms (indeed, the soldier is usually disfranchised by nature of his occupation), but of all who are governed. Democracy and the ballot are woven of one piece. To deny either is to deny both as human rights. It may be that the Atlantic writer agrees with Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, who recently disapproved that clause of the Declaration which says that "Governments derive their just rights from the consent of the governed." There is a retrograde movement in the nation in certain quarters, and the question is subtly mooted, whether democracy were not, after all, a failure. But with that we have no concern at present, save to point out the danger in passing.

It is fair to presume that the Atlantic argument is based upon democratic principles and conditions. It says, in effect, that equal suffrage is wrong in a republic—wrong and illogical. What-

ever it may be in a monarchy is not now to the point. Kings, nobilities, aristocracies, may grant the ballot as a privilege, but in a republic the citizens demand the ballot. Heretofore, women have foregone their right to vote, just as a few or many of them may continue to forego the right long after that right has been constitutionally recognized. Logically, every sane and normal citizen of a republic is essentially and inherently entitled to vote. To deny that right is to deny the whole form of government, for a republic can only exist by the consent of the governed, and that consent can only be expressed by the ballot.

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"There are two basic principles opposed to woman's suffrage," says Miss Seawell, and then she tells us how a basic principle works when on duty, "with the merciless mechanism of a natural law," etc. Further to illustrate this point she assures us that "the United States, through some of its ablest and most experienced legislators, violated every principle of constitutional government, of common sense as well as common justice," by enfranchising the negroes. Is this Boston logic—that the basic principle of a constitutional government is violated when the right of its citizens to vote is recognized? Why, no; it isn't any sort of logic. It is the mere dictum of a woman who tries to reason, and fails. That it might be inexpedient to grant the vote to negroes might be logically argued, but an astute and honest reasoner who argued thus must of necessity admit that his argument sets at naught the inevitable logic of the situation. There are times when logic gives way to expediency, and Miss Seawell might have pleaded, as did many men capable of reasoning, that it were inadvisable to recognize the inherent right of the negro to vote. But with "womanish perversity" she has chosen logic (?) as her grounds, and she tells us that the "basic principle" of constitutional government is violated when its citizens' natural and constitutionally-guaranteed right to vote is recognized! One's curiosity is aroused to know just what Miss Seawell thinks she means when she lays hold of the terms of logic and political economy.

\* \* \*

Next we come to a summing up of the first "basic reason" why women should be denied their inherent right to vote. It is this, "No electorate has ever existed, or ever can exist, which cannot execute its own laws." And the argument (?) follows, as usual, that women can't bear arms. Of course they can bear arms, many of them have, and it has been iterated and reiterated that women who can plow and reap and carry heavy burdens all day and perform the most arduous tasks in field and mill and home, have also the strength to bear arms, should necessity require. But all this is aside from the point. It might be granted, temporarily, that an electorate can only exist by force of arms, but that has no bearing on the question of woman suffrage. The principle of popular government is that all who are governed shall vote. The questions of the division of labor, of the specialization of industry, of the relation of either sex to any particular kind of work, are all foreign to any logical examination of this matter. These are questions to be settled by local

conditions, special circumstances, and when they assume large proportions, by balloting.

But it is an idle pretense to attempt to follow Miss Seawell's article on the grounds of logic and pure reason. Hers is a specious and a special plea. Every statement in it is either strained out of all natural proportions, or else is an argument excusable only on the grounds which she scorns to occupy, that of expediency. However, it is necessary to meet the woman, if at all, where she stands instead of where she fancies she stands. So, casting logic to the dogs—where it occasionally properly belongs, no doubt—we come to the statement that woman must not be permitted to vote because her path to the ballot box may be impeded by a crowd of bullies. "A dozen ruffians at a single polling place could prevent a hundred women from depositing a single ballot," is the exact statement. And if this is true, anywhere in the United States, it is the strongest argument for woman suffrage that could well be advanced. Surely the time is ripe to change such a condition—if it exists. Possibly there are a dozen ruffians in Boston who could be hired to stand near the ballot box with the intent to prevent women from voting. It would, however, be nothing more than intent. The ruffians would not earn their money. The women would vote. Miss Seawell doesn't seem to have a very intimate knowledge even of her own sex. One has only to read history and observe life to know that woman has her way. One woman, of the right sort, would deposit her ballot in the face of that dozen Boston ruffians, though each ruffian was operating a gatling gun.

As a matter of cold, hard fact, there are no masculine ruffians who could be hired to shoot down women bent on voting. In the paroxysms of battle and pillage, women often fare as badly as do the men, but there are not a dozen men in the United States who could be hired to shoot defenseless women.

When women become citizens they may be required to make laws for the regulation of sailors, trainmen, miners, etc. Then "What stupendous disorders would occur!" This is the gist of another argument against suffrage. Let us answer it with more dignity than it deserves by simply pointing out that the rule in all such matters is to employ the expert testimony of specialists.

\* \* \*

Comes now, "The second basic principle against woman suffrage is that one voter cannot claim maintenance from another voter." It was Otto Weininger who pointed out the basic cerebral difference between what he called the pure male and the pure female. Briefly stated, it is that the pure woman cannot form a definite image in her mind, and therefore cannot reason, while the converse is true of the pure male. From the urging of this "second basic principle," as a possible reason against voting, we would be inclined to suspect that Mollie Elliott Seawell was a pure woman—were it not that Weininger also demonstrated mathematically the well-attested fact that there are no pure types. The truth is that certain women have masculine mentalities, while certain men have feminine mentalities, and there are all sorts of grades and degrees between. It seems quite clear that Miss Seawell's mentality is entirely devoid of the masculine power of imagining a thought.

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It might be urged that the marriage contract, whereby the woman becomes dependent economically (sometimes) on her "lord and master" were a matter of voluntary partnership in which each party assumed the work and function for which he were better fitted. It occasionally is so urged, by thoughtful people, in which case the ignominy of dependence is ruled out of the compact. But viewed in its most feudal aspect, the dependence of woman on man is today little more than a legal fiction. It is a fact that many millions of women in this republic are now self-dependent bread winners. But when did a fact, a hard cold fact, ever weigh in the balance against an ancient rule or maxim with one bent on "logically" disproving a natural right?

Aside from its startling array of specious pleading and exploded or outgrown sentiments, Miss Seawell's articles contain several misstatements, as when she points to Colorado and avers that its political corruption is due to woman suffrage. People who are well informed know something of the huge battle waged against Denver's Beast, and they know the part played by women in defeating the Beast at the last election.

## GOOD NIGHT

(Song with castanets)

Adios, caballero,  
Dear heart, brave and true;  
Buenos noches, Don Carlos,  
One red rose for you.  
There's a kiss in the flower,  
Wear it near your heart,  
Adios, my Don Carlos,  
For now we must part.

Orion is blazing  
Above in the sky;  
The mocking bird sings  
In acacia near by;  
Steps on the paseo,  
O, hasten, I pray;  
Over the mountains  
Comes quickly the day.

Catalina will wait  
In the garden below  
When evening comes—  
Dear one, quickly go.  
My heart goes with you,  
With the rose on your breast;  
Buenos noches, Don Carlos,  
Love whispers the rest.

—KATHARINE HARTMAN.



# By the Way



## Beloved Club President's Demise

Thrice within four years has the California Club lost its president by death. The first to be called was Walter Newhall, who passed away in 1906. Next to answer the summons was Percy Wilson, whose demise occurred last December, and now, this week, the club is mourning the loss of its president for 1910, Horace R. Boynton, one of its most beloved members. I think I voice the unanimous sentiment of the club in stating that a courtlier, kindlier, more considerate man than the late Horace Boynton never set foot inside the club house at Fifth and Hill streets. I never heard an uncharitable word pass his lips in the nine or ten years I was privileged to enjoy his friendship. If he did not like a person, he remained silent concerning him, while, to the contrary, he took a delight in extolling the good points of those whom he respected or admired. In deportment he was a Chesterfield in observing the amenities of polite intercourse, was scrupulous in his dealings with all men and utterly unselfish. If he had a fault it was that he was too liberal in his charities for one of his modest means, but that was a temperamental weakness that is easily forgiven. He had a big heart and distress of any kind never failed to arouse his sympathy and enlist his aid. He dearly loved a game of dominoes, and many a time have we forgotten our carking cares when immersed in this old-fashioned, harmless amusement. How proud he was of his boy's progress at Yale and of the manly traits he displayed this summer in a resolve to keep within his allowance, which he had chanced to exceed the previous semester. Tears came to the father's eyes when he told me of his son's determination to forego vacation pleasures and take a position, rather than add to his expenses. I shall miss, we all shall miss his warm handclasp, his sincere greetings, his sympathetic word. That the operation was likely to prove fatal he seemed to realize, since he expressed his forebodings to more than one before he was carried to the table last Monday. To his sorrowing family I can only say their loss is ours, and to his wife and children are extended the sincerest condolences of a vast number of friends they did not know, who held the late Horace R. Boynton in the highest regard and affection.

## Big-Hearted Friends of Late President

One of the incidents in connection with the death of my dear friend, Horace Boynton, touched me deeply. The younger Horace is in his last year at Yale, and when his mother asked one of her husband's most intimate friends to wire him to return, instead, he sent a telegram reading: "Stay at college until you are graduated. Your father's friends will see you through." It was a big-hearted action in which he took the initiative, half a dozen other club members at once claiming their right to share in the expense. I hope Horace will accept this kindly expression of good will without hesitation, since, as he intends to follow a professional career, it will mean so much to his future. Another close friend of the deceased president of the California Club was Dr. Burt Estes Howard, who left his lectures at Stanford to say the final word at the funeral services, Thursday, his work demanding that he return at once to his classes at the close of the simple ceremony at the Unitarian church.

## Noted Editor in the City

Fremont Older, whose personality has made the San Francisco Bulletin about the most influential public journal in that city, has been a Los Angeles visitor this week. He professes to be convinced that in the coming general election, in November, the plurality for Hiram Johnson will be almost as large as it was for Theodore Roosevelt for President, when the colonel was the Republican candidate. Mr. Older also is certain, he says, that Judge W. P. Lawlor of San Francisco will be elected a member of the state supreme court. He is in rather a dilemma at this time, due to the fact that four years ago he was a

staunch supporter of Theodore A. Bell for governor. Today, at the regular weekly luncheon of the City Club at the Westminster Hotel, Mr. Older will speak on the topic, "The Press—Its Duties and Derelictions."

## English as She is Wrote

Writing from Homburg, Germany, to his friend, I. B. Newton of this city, Judge M. L. Graff exhibits his well-known humorous bent in a novel manner. As his friends know, he is a great stickler for the niceties of the English language, but this letter, which he dictated to a German stenographer, is an odd example of phonetic spelling. The typist made him say:

My dear Newton! I had intended writung to you personnally but tree weeks ago I met with an excellent (accident) that put my write arm aut of place, and I fear it will be some little time befor I am able to use it. It occurred by a chair on the boat in the Rhein tipping over with me. I am here trinking the waters an having my arm manipulated and put in hot clay I have therefore given up my trip to Switzerland to prolong my treatman here. I never could give you a description of the great trip I have haded and am still having. I have never seen such kindnesses as hase been unversely shown my everwere and I have taking this ocatation to have a little talk over a Typewriter managed by a very nice Lady, who of course is a better germain, than an english scholar. I am not making any correction in her english, so as to let you see, who well she does. Remember me to all our friends there.

This commendation of the art of the "very nice lady" typewriter reminds me of a letter of recommendation a broken-down Cheyenne Indian once handed me. It read: "Do not trust this old coffee cooler. He will steal you blind."

## Bob Marsh's Irrepressible Genius

When Robert Marsh went east with his family, Monday, to be away a month or more, there left Los Angeles one of the brightest, most courageous and withal one of the shrewdest big realty dealers this city of alert operators knows. In a score of ways he has demonstrated his foresight, his business acumen and his boldness in carrying through his business deals to a satisfactory climax. The success he has met in high-class tract development is evidenced by the beautiful Westchester Place, Rambeau Heights, Country Club Park and similar artistic works of redemption. But his chef d'oeuvre, is is generally conceded, was through the infusion of his enthusiasm in a syndicate that bought the apex of Mt. Washington, boulevarded its high levels, built a beautiful hotel on the summit, installed a cable road to the peak and after erecting a number of beautiful homes on this sightly crest, at an elevation of one thousand feet, within twenty minutes of the court house, established Mt. Washington as one of the most attractive, as it is the most unique residence tract in Southern California, if not in the entire state. It took courage of a high order to transform an unsightly hill into a superb residence site, but that is where Bob Marsh's genius triumphs, and now that he has accomplished what appeared to be the impossible, former scoffers and carpers are ready to doff their hats to him. I am glad he is off for a well-earned rest. But he won't rest. He'll come back with a hundred new plans of expansion for his beloved mount and with a brain bursting to be in active eruption.

## General Chaffee's Memorable Object Lesson

General Chaffee is on the warpath, and the ants which have been overrunning his garden might just as well run up a flag of truce before they are exterminated. A recent caller at the beautiful Chaffee residence on Magnolia avenue found the general armed with a one-inch, smooth-bore squirt gun and a bottle of ant poison, and engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the opposing hordes. Mrs. Chaffee was of the opinion that the general would get as much of the ammunition on his clothes as he would on the enemy, and the situation reminded her of an incident when General Chaffee was a young major in command at Fort Huechuca, Ariz., which, by the way, a recent dispatch from Washington states is about to be abandoned. At the time of Major Chaffee's command, the post was under construction, and the work was being done by day labor. The artisans employed thought it was a very appropriate job on which to "soldier," and while the commanding officer did not know anything about plastering or kalsomining, he was soon convinced that the men in these particular trades were doing only about half a day's work for full per diem pay. One morning, accompanied by his adjutant, he marched up to one of the plasterers and said: "Get down off that scaffold." The man wonderingly complied. "Give me your tools," was the next curt command. By this time

all the laborers were watching the major, who, in his spick-and-span uniform mounted the scaffold and began slinging plaster like a veteran. The adjutant held a watch, and at the end of an hour measured up the space which his superior officer had covered. "Now," said Major Chaffee, wiping his hands, "you fellows will have to cover as much ground as I have in an hour or quit the job." A similar object lesson for the benefit of the kalsominers, and the post commander was ready to go home to luncheon. Mrs. Chaffee met him with wide-eyed astonishment. He was daubed and spattered from head to foot with plaster, kalsomine and the sweat of honest toil. In response to her startled question as to what he had been doing he replied, "I have been firing every plasterer and kalsominer in the post—the whole three hundred of them—and they will all stay fired until they are willing to do an honest day's work." Needless to say the laborers came to time, and the government was saved a great many thousand dollars, but the cost of a new \$70 uniform came out of the major's pocket.

## Capturing the Editorial Body

I am in receipt of an invitation to dine at Santa Barbara tonight and be the guest over Sunday of the combined San Francisco and San Diego fair boomers. It seems that the Southern California Editorial Association is to be banqueted and otherwise cajoled into an indorsement of the proposed five million dollar bond debt which it is proposed to saddle on the state. San Diego might be in better business, since her people will be seeking favors of the next legislature that may be difficult to get if she handicaps her chances in this way. Of the proposed five million dollars to be thrown away on a fair that San Francisco will bitterly regret, Los Angeles will be mulcted upward of two millions in case the legislative approval is ratified. This is piling Ossa upon Pelon with a vengeance. Our own indebtedness for aqueduct and other undertakings, good roads, harbor improvements and the like, is extremely heavy, and promises to be doubly so. In declining the invitation, I must also decline to indorse the proposed additional burden on the taxpayers.

## Welcomed by the Full Band

Eastern papers are telling of the regimental Mexican band which met Gen. Harrison Grey Otis, a United States delegate to the Mexican centennial, at Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, and accompanied him all the way to Chihuahua. It seems that the band was sent to the border to receive and welcome all official delegates, and as the general chanced to be the only one entering the port at that time, he received the full honors, resting, however, under the firm belief that it was a delicate attention on the part of President Diaz for editorial laudation given in the Times.

## "Joy" Ride for Fred Henderson

Returning from a Sunday at the Palisades, we were bowling along the road between Sawtelle and Beverly when we came upon Fred Henderson, hatless and coatless, trying to fit a new tire in place of one that had collapsed. Beads of perspiration coursed down his cheeks, his hands were coated with gray dust and his trousers were streaked and stained from contact with the soil. His feeble smile in response to my greeting was anything but happy in its expression. After a two-hour attempt at repairs, I understand his machine romped home on four sound wheels.

## Charley Andrews on His Way Home

Charley Andrews is on his way home. He and Mrs. Andrews were planning to sail from France, September 10, and should be in New York by this time. Writing from Luzerne, August 31, he tells me they have enjoyed a very fine two months' outing on the continent, every day offering a new attraction. They saw a portion of England, and have had satisfactory glimpses of Scotland, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Switzerland. Lake Luzerne they particularly admired. They expect to be home by the last of next week.

## Brass Inscription for Cannon Suggested

While Central Park is being remodeled, the suggestion is renewed that the piece of cannon at the northeast corner, a Spanish war trophy, presented to the city by the late Gen. W. R. Shafter, be suitably inscribed. It is urged that Gen. A. R. Chaffee, who was present at Santiago when the gun was taken over by the troops of the United States, take a personal interest in the matter, he being a member of the board of public works. For years the cannon has stood at the entrance to the park, with no inscription to show how it came into the possession of the municipality. There are three such guns in the United States, General Shafter having presented one to



New York and a second to San Francisco. It would cost but a small sum to have a brass plate attached, informing posterity, and even the present generation, as to its translation. Now that the park is being practically made over seems to be a good opportunity to remedy this neglect.

#### Two Notable Oil Suits

John Baker, Jr., whose suit for upward of a million dollars against certain of the principal stockholders of the Union Oil Company has been one of the sensations in legal circles this week, is not particularly well known in Los Angeles. He was at one time in charge of the Union's San Francisco office, from which position he resigned early in the year. Whether he has any tangible grounds upon which to press his suit to a conclusion satisfactory to himself I do not pretend to know. Considerable personal feeling has been engendered in the case, and both sides insist that matters will now have to take their legal course before the differences that have arisen can be adjusted. Baker and his friends have been marketing large blocks of Union, here as well as in San Francisco, recently, which has resulted in breaking the price to two points below par, the lowest that Union has reached in two years. It is interesting to note that the Associated management also is facing a suit for damages that will cover about six figures in the event of a verdict for the plaintiffs, who include C. A. Canfield and several others almost as well known here. Indications are that, pending the two actions at law mentioned, there will be neither an increase of dividend in Union nor anything like a permanent chance for regular dividend disbursements by the Associated Oil Company.

#### Sound Conditions Despite Sharp Shrinkage

There has been a sharp drop in the value of local securities since the first of the year, and apparently the bottom is not yet reached. The principal oil stocks (such as Union) have lost upward of two million dollars in paper value, and the telephones and the electric light stocks and bonds about as much again. The liquidation shows a remarkable total, when the figures are investigated. The public does not appear to be in the market, according to experts, and just when bedrock will be struck it is by no means easy at this time to predict. The fact that the extraordinary losses have not brought about an upheaval proves that, underneath, the real conditions are absolutely sound.

#### Illustrating an Old Proverb

According to a portion of the New York sporting press, J. J. Jeffries, former champion pugilist of the world, is about to enter a sanitarium. The story of the big fellow's alleged serious condition, however, is entirely unfounded. He is seen almost daily in certain resorts of the city, apparently entirely recovered from his recent Reno experiences. Curiously enough, while little attention is given to Jeffries in Los Angeles, in New York and elsewhere in the east the defeated champion is still regarded as a celebrity worthy of three-column headlines in the big daily papers.

#### Loth to be Away

Edward Chambers is in Los Angeles on one of his periodical visits from San Francisco, where he is assistant freight traffic manager of the Santa Fe. Chambers is regarded as one of the best traffic men in the railroad world. When he was assigned to the northern metropolis, a few years ago, he was loth to leave Los Angeles, and it was several months before Mrs. Chambers and the family could bear to think of the change and move to San Francisco. They still retain their home here and would, I am told, welcome the opportunity to occupy it again.

#### To Boom Fair Projects

Winfield S. Hogaboom has succeeded to the Connolly vacancy in charge of the San Diego fair publicity bureau, his predecessor having accepted a similar position with the San Francisco exposition. "Hogie" should prove a find for the San Diegans, particularly in view of the opposition that is looming large in many quarters to the proposed San Francisco fair bonds. For it is understood that in the regular session of the legislature next winter, San Diego is to ask the state to lend her a million or so for fair purposes, also in the form of a projected bond issue. Meantime, there is to be a Los Angeles bureau established and maintained for the purpose of making converts to the San Francisco five million bond proposal. The promoters realize that here is where they must secure the votes that will be necessary

to carry the measure, and from now until next November there is to be a regular bombardment of literature to every voter south of the Tehachapi, setting forth reasons why the state at large should go in debt to help San Francisco in her folly, only it will not be so designated.

#### Editor Gibbon Apologizes

I see that "Editor" Gibbon of the Herald, acting under advice, doubtless, from his principals at the corner of First and Broadway, has apologized, editorially, to Mr. A. G. Spalding of San Diego for having wilfully charged the Bay City senatorial aspirant of having sent his check for \$50,000 to San Francisco to be expended by the Alden Anderson campaign committee, "and by sending sundry checks to swell the campaign funds of various candidates for the state legislature." This retarded act of justice was the result of a suit for libel against the Herald, filed by Mr. Spalding, after the latter had sought to get a retraction of the aspersions on his probity. It was patent to everybody who knew Mr. Spalding that the charges were absurdly false, but when Lawyer Gibbon demurred to making a retraction and retorted by catechising Mr. Spalding as to his several expenditures, which was regarded as "very clever work on Mr. Gibbon's part," by one of his admirers, the filing of the libel suit brought the clever "editor" to his knees, and Wednesday of this week he is found saying:

The Herald, after more thorough investigation and in view of the statements made by Mr. Spalding, has become convinced that an injustice was done Mr. Spalding in the statements published. We are convinced that it is not true that Mr. Spalding sent out such checks, seeking in this way to secure indorsements of any organized body, or any individual in behalf of his candidacy. The Herald is prompt to make this public avowal at this time, in this way, because it believes that in the statements that it published a wrong was done Mr. Spalding, and the Herald is unwilling that he should suffer from the publication of any statements in the Herald which unjustly criticize him.

"Prompt" avowal, indeed! A dastardly and wholly unwarranted attack on Mr. Spalding's character is followed by a flippant display of sophistical lingo which was anything but brilliant, and certainly the opposite of what a fair journal might be expected to do. However, the belated apology will probably save the disclosure in a court of record of "Editor" Gibbon's actual financial interest in the Herald.

#### "Bob" Carr's Cowboy Lore Lyrics

My old Black Hills friend, "Bob" Carr, now holding down a desk on the Herald, has been writing poetry—genuine poetry—ever since he was old enough to chase tumble weeds across the Dakota prairies. I well remember his advent in Chicago, years ago, when I was managing editor of the Post, and he humbly offered a quiver of his latest verse for publication. Much of it saw light in an editorial page department column later, too. Two years ago he sent me his "Cowboy Lyrics," collected verse, from Whitewood, S. D., which good stuff was reviewed in The Graphic at the time. This year he decided to move hither with his lares and penates, which included a brand-new wife, and, of course, he is still writing poetry. A page of "Love Lyrics of a Cowboy" appears over his signature in the special western number of the Popular Magazine for October. Here is a sample of his breezy muse:

Foot talk, perhaps, but it jes' seems  
We're ridin' thro' a range o' dreams;  
Where medder larks the year 'round sing,  
An' it's jes' one eternal spring.  
An' time—why time is gone—by gee!  
There's no such thing as time to me,  
Until she sez, "Here, boy, you know,  
You simply jes' have got to go;  
It's nearly twelve." I rides away.  
"Dog gone—a clock!" is what I say.

#### How "Bob" Dunsmore Was "Tipped"

Over on Los Angeles street, in the wholesale district, no one man is better known than R. B. Dunsmore, general manager of the firm of Heron, Rickard & McCone. Mr. Dunsmore owns a fine touring car and is generous in sharing it. Recently, the wife of a friend was invited to a fashionable breakfast, in the Westlake district. Her husband planned to get a taxicab but "Bob" said, "No need to go to that expense, I'll call for her and take her over." It was a foggy morning, and when leaving his office he pulled on a cap. His friends live at a family hotel near Westlake Park. Mrs. Jones was ready when the car was announced and came down the hotel steps, accompanied by a sweet little old lady in lavender. "Bob" said good morning to his friend's wife and assisted them both into the tonneau. Arrived

at their destination, he jumped out, opened the door like any other well-trained chauffeur, and, letting Mrs. Jones precede them, carefully helped her tiny, gray-haired companion up the front steps. Just before reaching the door, she thanked him very sweetly and slipped a fifty-cent piece in his hand. Before he could say a word, she was out of sight. "Bob" chuckled softly—he has a keen sense of humor—dropped the coin in his pocket, and whirled back to Los Angeles street. His wife now carries the tip as a souvenir of her husband's dexterity as a chauffeur.

#### Louis Spruance Deserts Citrus Fruit Trade

L. J. C. Spruance has retired from the fruit-shipping trade in order to engage in the real estate business. He has opened offices in one of the principal skyscrapers and has advised his friends that he is prepared to do a commission business. Colonel Spruance (he is a member of the governor's staff) should make a success of his new calling as he has many warm friends, and, moreover, is familiar with Southern California land values. Back in Chicago, thirty years ago, Louis used to be an amateur newspaper editor. I have a picture of him hanging in my office, one of a group, showing an earnest, rosy-cheeked, good-looking lad buried in profound thought.

#### Is Major Burke a Deserter?

Can it be true? Surely there must be a mistake in the announcement by the Associated Press that W. R. Burke of Los Angeles has been selected a member of the new Republican state central committee. Major Burke, it is true, has always been in the front rank of reformers in the Democracy, but none of us had the slightest notion that he had gone over entirely to the opposition. The odds are that when the news reaches him in Germany, where he is at present sojourning, he will burn the cable in an effort to deny the impeachment. I wonder if the mistake arose from the fact that in Santa Barbara there is a Dr. W. P. Burke, whose Lincoln-Roosevelt affiliations are well known. Possibly it is he and not our own Maj. W. R. Burke who is named on Meyer Lissner's political staff.

#### Honored the Profession

When Maj. E. A. Routhe's kindly spirit slipped its leash Wednesday there passed from Alhambra one of the gentlest souls that ever had its habitat in the mortal frame of a military man. Back in Illinois the major was assistant adjutant general under Governor Oglesby, following his honorable discharge from the volunteer service in the Civil War, and later he turned his attention to newspaper work. He was writing for the old Inter Ocean, under William Penn Nixon, when I first met him. From Illinois he went to Spokane, where he established the Chronicle and managed it successfully for a number of years. When he came to Alhambra he founded the "Alhambra," but ill health forced his early retirement from the editorial desk. He was a graceful writer, cherishing fine ideals to which he ever strove to attain. He was an honor to the newspaper profession.

#### Judge Hutton to Address Irrigation Congress

Much interest is being evinced in the coming eighteenth national irrigation congress which meets at Pueblo, Colo., September 26, continuing in session for several days. Judge George H. Hutton of the superior court, who is an authority on the law of irrigation in this state, has accepted the invitation to speak on "California Underground Waters," to which subject he has given considerable attention, so that a most interesting paper may be expected. The judge will leave for Colorado next Wednesday. One of the delegates from California is the well-known consulting engineer, F. C. Finkle, who will be glad to give intending visitors to the congress information concerning the program of deliberations. It is hoped a goodly delegation will go from Southern California next week to attend this important gathering.

#### Warner's Erratic Career

Adam Warner, whose career in Los Angeles and elsewhere forms a varied and interesting history, was in Oakland recently, where he lectured on graft, charging that money had been paid to certain officials as bribes and worse. The grand jury was in session there at the time, and when it was sought to bring Warner before it he had disappeared. Warner, for the last ten or twelve years, has been persistently wooing publicity from Puget Sound to Los Angeles. His attempts to hypnotize the Chicago Prohibitionists recently proved futile. Surely, Adam is not to be taken seriously.





SEVERAL months ago I expressed my joy in unearthing a first edition of Dibdin's "Bibliomania" at the Old Book Shop. This week my browsings were rewarded by coming across a fine, two-volume, morocco-bound, first edition of his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life," embellished with a capital steel engraved frontispiece of the author. Moreover, my prize bears the autograph of S. Austin Allibone, whose well-known "Poetical Quotations" and his "Dictionary of Authors" have placed every literary worker under obligations to the compiler. These two volumes appear to have been purchased at the sale of the Allibone library, November 27, 1858, according to a penciled note by "Henry Helmut," who, apparently, succeeded to the ownership. This Allibone autograph, naturally, lends an added interest to the work, much like an extra illustration does to a favorite book.

Thomas Frognall Dibdin was born in India. His father, Captain Dibdin, was the famous "Tom Bowling," of his younger brother, Charles Dibdin, whose stirring nautical ballads formed the subject of a browsing at a previous weekly session. At the time, I quoted the poem, telling how Tom's soul had "gone aloft," not realizing then that Tom Bowling was the father of my bibliomaniac, Thomas. Poor Captain Dibdin! He was the victim of politics in the East India Company's service, his fortune, invested in a merchant vessel, having been filched from him through two treacherous contracts, one for conveying troops, the other in carrying dispatches for the nabob of Arcot. The bills incurred for outfitting his ship in the latter instance were never settled by the nabob, resulting in the seizure of the vessel for debt. The mother of Thomas Frognall Dibdin was the captain's second wife, a woman of fine character and of marked literary attainments. Her marriage to the naval officer at Calcutta was notable as recorded by the issuance of the first marriage license ever granted in India. This was in 1770. After the foundering of his first ship and the libeling of his second for debt, Captain Dibdin, broken in health and spirit, decided to return to England, taking with him his wife and their boy. At the Cape his illness assumed an acute form, with fatal results. His widow, broken-hearted, continued the voyage in another vessel, but she, too, succumbed soon after reaching Middleburg, in Zealand, the Dutch port of the ship. Left alone in a foreign country, the lad of five was sent over to his maternal uncle, William Compton, whose guardianship became a labor of love that redounded advantageously to his nephew. Thomas was placed in good schools, and eventually entered Oxford University, whence he graduated in 1797, but did not get his degree until four years later.

It is interesting to trace the growth of the bibliomania in the author, which seems to have been inbred at an early age. Curiously enough, one of his earliest purchases of old literature was made of a Mr. Collins, who kept a secondhand book shop, near the Compton residence in Walbrook. Unlike our local Mr. Collins of the Old Book Shop, this one of Dibdin's, he tells us, was "the most diminutive man I ever had business with, but he knew his business well. His shrill pipe and twinkling little dark eyes (especially when looking at you over the rim of his spectacles) cannot be easily forgotten. His shop was absolutely choked, and the windows were darkened, with books. He used to get his flying dinner-meal behind a stack of books, from which he darted with great alertness when a customer entered his shop."

At college, two prime favorite works were Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Johnson and Boswell were his familiars by day and D'Israeli the companion of his evening hours and lone midnight musings. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," also were in strange juxtaposition on his table, to each of which he was greatly attached. Later in life

the famous collector owned copies of every edition of Burton's "Anatomy" from the cubical quarto of 1621 to the tapering volume of 1678, together with all intermediate ones. It is easy to see how Dibdin feel a victim to the charms of old books, and that, deserting the law for the church, he should eventually turn to literary labors while waiting for ecclesiastical preferment. His friends and intimates, both at college and after, included all the notable men of letters of the early nineteenth century, and that he was held in high regard by Earl Spencer, owner of one of the most famous libraries extant, was due to his painstaking research work. As a poet, Dibdin does not rank high, nor does he shine in the literary firmament for his creative work. It is solely for his bibliography that he attained deserved fame, and in his literary reminiscences I have found much to admire and much to give cause for profitable reflection.

S. T. C.

#### FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

ALL RECORDS for length of line and endurance of performers must have been broken in the Native Sons and Daughters' parade, Admission Day. The procession started at 10 o'clock in the morning; it was 4:30 in the afternoon before it was finished. Eliminating several long delays, the actual marching must have taken more than four hours. It was an unusually warm day for San Francisco—perfect sunshine prevailed throughout the three days of the celebration—and some of the native sons looked wilted and worn, long before they reached the reviewing stand in Union Square, but the native daughters, despite the height of their French heels, stepped jauntily and joyously to the glorified finish. The Los Angeles contingent made a brave showing, and were well received along the line of march. From my coign of vantage, I espied Isidore Dockweiler bringing up the rear, and he looked hungry and thirsty—it was then long past luncheon time.

Twenty thousand native sons and daughters—including the bands—are said to have taken part in the parade, and it was witnessed by at least 400,000 people. It was a wonderful test of endurance on the part of both paraders and spectators. For seven hours Market street was lined by crowds of men, women and children, who never moved until the last native son and daughter had passed by. It is a toss-up which enjoyed themselves more, the paraders or the spectators, but I venture that all of them, if the truth prevailed, felt that it was too much of a good thing.

By far the most impressive feature of the parade was found in the boys' clubs, of which there are a great number on both side of the bay. The Columbia Park Boys' Club, which last year sent one troupe to Australia, while another marched from San Francisco to San Diego, made an impressive spectacle. The boys marched like veterans, and their band was as good as any in the parade. A dozen or more other boys' clubs also gave an idea of the great and good work that is being done in this vital direction. The Boy Scouts, some of whom were small enough to be packed in suit cases, were greeted with enthusiasm. The bitterest critic of W. R. Hearst can have nothing but a good word for his initiative in this splendid movement. If there is one thing that American youth needs to learn, it is discipline and the recognition of superior authority. We are the richest and most powerful nation in the world, but we cannot buy discipline, and power without discipline is soon paralyzed.

Governor Gillett and Mayor McCarthy rode side by side in the parade, and long since have buried their differences over the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. Sober second thought—after the event—has thoroughly justified the governor's veto, and as Gillett's term is drawing to a close, it is being generally recognized that we are losing a mighty good and efficient executive, with none too pleasant a prospect in store.

It may be recalled that immediately after the Reno engagement, Mayor McCarthy put the ban on the exhibition in San Francisco of the fight motion pictures. They have been exhibited during the past week at the Valencia Theater. When the police attempted to interfere, the promoters obtained a restraining order from the courts. Meanwhile, an enterprising burglar, or possibly a corrector of public morals, has stolen the films. Where the policemen were powerless, the burglars succeeded.

Meyer Lissner, as chairman of the Republican state central committee, must be duly recognized

as at least the nominal boss of the party. I understand that Mr. Lissner was beaten in his own precinct as a delegate to his county convention. This, presumably, is to be accepted as another of the all-satisfying features of the direct primary system. A citizen who is not regarded in his own neighborhood as the best material for a delegate to a county convention can, nevertheless, be elevated to the chieftainship of the party. This is rescuing politics from the clutches of the bosses with a vengeance.

Candidates for the United States senatorship are bobbing up now with much more celerity since the "advisory vote" at the primary proved a fiasco. At least a half dozen names are now "mentioned," but the best tip still is that the lines are being laid by the party's new managers to "compromise" on Charles S. Wheeler. That such a compromise will ever be reached without a lusty roar from Southern California is inconceivable.

Judge Lawlor's reception in Los Angeles and the extravagant compliments showered on him by certain of the Los Angeles newspapers have caused not a few smiles here. It is not known that he ever tried a lawsuit before his sudden and unexpected appointment by Governor Budd as a judge in the superior court.

R. H. C.  
San Francisco, September 13, 1910.

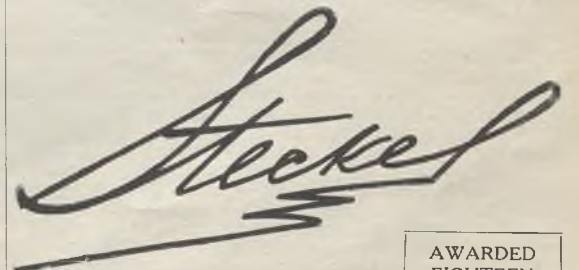
#### Where the Political Tug Will Come

In this city a percentage of Republicans is likely to support such of the nominees on the Democratic ticket as secure the so-called Good Government League indorsement. This list includes the district attorney, the sheriff and a few of the minor offices. The bitterest contest will be between Captain Fredericks and Thomas Lee Woolwine, who, I believe, is to begin his campaign at once. I miss my guess if the Express is not found supporting the Democratic aspirant for district attorney before many days, along with Judge W. P. Lawlor, anti-Republican candidate for the supreme bench, against whose candidacy in the north, especially, there will be persistent and vicious opposition. It is likely that the radical element of the Lincoln-Roosevelt faction will desert Justice Melvin for Lawlor in all parts of the state. Incidentally, Judge Lawlor is said never to have tried a suit at law before his appointment to the superior bench of San Francisco, which position he owes to the late Governor Budd. Lawlor had been chairman of the Democratic state central committee and was given the place as a reward for party services. That he has made an excellent judge, however, is generally conceded, although his work has been mainly in the trial of criminal cases. He has borne the brunt of the San Francisco graft cases and as a result has been the target for much official and personal condemnation.

#### To Harbor a Rear Admiral

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, as I previously intimated, expects to settle in Los Angeles before the end of the year. He is to head an oil promotion syndicate that will operate upon an extensive scale. The admiral was in the Bakersfield district last week, investigating the property he is to manage, and what he saw more than pleased him. Timothy Spellacy, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, had him in tow, and other well-known Democratic organization leaders were along. It would not be surprising to find the Democracy of California at a future date pushing the retired rear admiral to the front as a candidate for national honors.

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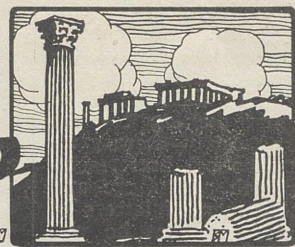
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# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

## EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

Southern California Painters and Sculptors—Long Beach Library.

On one of my recent tours of research into the archives of a nation's art history, which are always piloted by Miss Beckley or one of her able assistants, and lead through bewildering corridors of voluminous literature within the art department of the Los Angeles public library, I was surprised and delighted to find a wall hung with a collection of twenty-six of the rarest Japanese prints that it has been my pleasure to see since coming west. This group is representative of the best work of the truly great masters of old Japan, and was purchased for the public library from the collection of the late John G. Mossin, whose fame as a connoisseur of oriental art was international. "We have owned this collection," said Miss Beckley, "since June 12, 1908, but it is only recently that we have had them suitably framed and placed on public view." Students of art and print collectors in general should avail themselves of this excellent opportunity to study the methods of these past masters in the graphic arts, for here is a collection sufficiently large to include work of leading artists from their rise in 1705 to the decadence of the school in the early part of the eighteenth century, yet not so numerous as to become bewildering.

I shall never forget the first opportunity I had after coming west to view, privately, a collection of this exquisite art. It was in San Francisco, and the worthy woman who had given the best years of her life to its accumulation was justly proud of her discoveries, and never tired of displaying them to those who were interested. A spacious apartment in her tasteful home was given over to this collection, which, as I revert to it, must certainly have numbered far into the tens of thousands. Now, looking at Japanese prints is much like the experience of the small boy with the blackberry pie of ancient adage—a little at a time and often is the wisest course. Fancy reading, were it possible, all the writings of Browning, Maeterlinck, or Ibsen, or of beholding a hundred Whistler paintings all on the same day. The result would be well-nigh fatal; at any rate, the gain to be derived therefrom would be entirely destroyed by the overdose. Can you imagine the pandemonium of mind after you had said "lovely," "charming," "exquisite," and other inadequate and rapid ejaculations several thousand times, as seemed to be expected by my hostess, who, I afterward discovered, deemed voluble expression of appreciation necessary on the part of each visitor. Of course, in so ponderous an assortment, the large majority was frankly bad, although a rare group could easily be culled from the lot.

When looking at Japanese prints, I don't want to talk about them, anyway. What is to be said? I might repeat with Kipling, "those little brown artists are devils," but that might shock somebody. Twenty-six carefully selected prints is enough for any human being to try to comprehend at one time, and I really begin to wilt after the first ten or twelve. Of course, I am referring now to real Japanese color prints by great masters, not the pitiable aniline-dyed tea box labels and fire cracker advertisements that modern civilization has brought from the flowery kingdom with which to load down our shops and portfolios. The popular craze for Japanese prints in America has unbalanced the better judgment of many people who seem to entertain an idea that all prints made in Japan by Japanese workmen are rare, priceless, and the acme of true art. Not at all. There are many bad Japanese prints just as there are bad English, German and French prints, and one bad print is no better from an art valuation than another. Why carry any craze too far? I know of one home in this city that

has an entire room papered with prints and another where the frieze, panels and fire screen are made of them. How simple and effective! If I had one good Hokusai landscape, a Toyonkini composition, a Hiroshige bird and flower panel, and a Utamaro figure study on my wall, with ten lesser artists represented by one print each in my portfolio, I would consider my collection sufficient to my needs.

Eastern collectors have a notion that because California is the gateway to the orient, all the best print collections are to be found west of the Rocky Mountains. This is a great error. It is true there are many comprehensive collections of prints owned in California, but they can scarcely be compared to certain of those owned in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Notable southwestern collections were those belonging to the late Mr. Mossin, which has been dissipated, and the Ford collection of Pasadena, which I fear California may no longer claim, as it has been sent east. The Boston library owns one of the finest public collections in America, but to see real Japanese prints we must visit France, for, as usual, the French discovered their artistic worth half a century before the remainder of the world knew whether Hokusai was the name of a comic opera or of a breakfast food. They sacked the Mikado's kingdom of the best examples of the art, and now America is gleaming what is left. The art shops of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago offer better print bargains than can be found in Los Angeles or San Francisco. Many collections are imported to the United States that are never unpacked west of Chicago. Stray prints by the old masters are occasionally found in dusty junk shops or in ill-assorted collections, and should be secured without delay, as the supply is by no means equal to the demand, and thus once exhausted can never be replenished.

Los Angeles rejoices in several excellent private collections, and I trust that it may one day own a representative public collection. I suggest to the Fine Arts League that it include this item in its plans for the equipment of its magnificent new Museum of Art, now in course of construction at Agricultural Park. Among the most enthusiastic and best-informed students of Japanese prints in the city, who have comprehensive collections, are Miss Olive Percival, Mrs. Andrew S. Lobingier, Misses Pauline Curran, Nellie Huntington Gere, Maude E. McVicker, Mary Eleanor Curran and Leta Horlocker. Following is the list owned by the Public Library, with notes compiled by Miss Anna Beckley, head of the art department:

### Japanese Color Prints

1. Harunobu, Suzuki, 1705-72. High-class girls playing as water carriers. Mt. Fuji in the distance. "The subjects of his prints nearly always consist of the doings, habits and recreations of the younger members of the higher classes and are frequently infused with an element of romance and poetry."—Int. Studio.
2. High-class women wearing geta (wooden clogs). Kimono decorated with design of pine trees and snow.
3. Hiroshige II. Lake Biwa. Three-sheet composition. Eight views from Mt. Ishiyama (stone mountain), seven of which are indicated by labels on the print. Murasaki-no-Shikibu, a noted Japanese novelist, is seated at the entrance of the Buddhist temple, and above, on a scroll, is a statement regarding the fifty-four parts of her work.—Condensed from Aston.
4. Hiroshige I, 1796-1858. Rain Storm. One of a series of 53 stations of the Tokaido.
5. Hokusai, Itsu (Tamekazu) 1760-1849. Interior of a great wave opposite Kanagawa on the Tokaido with Mt. Fuji in its hollow. One of the 36 views of Mt. Fuji.
6. Taiko (drum) bridge at Kameido, Yedo. One of the 11 prints of the famous bridge.
7. Waterfall: Aoi-gu-o-ka cascade, Yedo. (Wide river, people on bank at left). One of the 8 views of famous waterfalls.
8. Kirifuri cascade, Nikko. (People among trees at right). One of the 8 views of famous waterfalls.
9. Ono, on the Kiso road. (Bridge, tea house on rocks.) One of the 8 views of famous waterfalls.
10. Roben, in the Oyama mountains, Sagami

province. (Bathers.) One of the 8 views of famous waterfalls.

11. Yoro. Mina province. Thatched hut at right. One of the 8 views of famous waterfalls.
12. Yoshitsune Uma-arai cascade where Yoshitsune's horse was washed. Yoshino mountain. One of the 8 views of famous waterfalls.
13. Kiyonaga. Torii. 1742-1815. Samurai (warrior) with wife and guard.
14. Kuniyasu. Ipposai Yasagoro, 1805-36. High-class woman flying. Kimono decorated with maple leaf pattern.
15. Shunsho, Katsugawa (Shunko II.), active 1800-35. High-class woman with left hand on sunken (guitar with three strings).
16. Shunsho, Katsukawa, 1726-92. Scene from the story of the forty-seven ronin, showing actors taking parts of the heroes. Central figure wears tabi (mitten stockings).
17. Toyokuni, Gosotei (Toyokuni II.), 1776-1835. Middle-class woman. Kimono decorated with plum blossom design. Tabi (mitten stocking) on foot.
18. Middle-class woman. Obi decorated with conventional circle within square. Signature reads: Kunisada changed to Toyokuni.
19. Utamaro. Kitagawa, 1753-1805. High-class woman. Black obi.
20. Two high-class women and a warrior fastening his sandal. Black kimono is striking feature.
21. Woman, probably merchant's wife. Kimono decorated with fan and wisteria pattern.
22. Yeshi, chibumats, active 1780-1800. High-class woman with two daughters. Geta (wooden clogs) indicate outdoor life. "He gave to his faces a mystic, even religious expression like the women of the middle ages."—Ainsden.
23. Three high-class women at a garden party.
24. Three high-class women at poem-writing contest. Dwarf plum tree is probably subject of poems.
25. Yeizan, kikugawa, active 1800-30. High-class woman holding letter.
26. Woman, probably merchant's wife, wearing geta (wooden clogs) and carrying lantern.

Next week I shall have more to say upon the popular subject of Japanese prints. My second installment will offer a word of suggestion as to their value as a study and an appreciation of their merit as works of art, along with a few helpful hints culled from an excellent lecture delivered by Mrs. Andrew S. Lobingier during the print exhibition held in Blanchard Gallery last May. This article will be illustrated by reproductions from the collection of Mary Eleanor Curran.

Leading articles in the September issue of the International Studio are by Edwin A. Rockwell, "An Appreciation of the Sculpture of Daniel Chester French," C. H. Collins on "The Paintings of Walter W. Russell" and C. Lewis Hind on "American Paintings in Germany." Charles Francis Saunders writes interestingly of "The Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians," Mary Barton relates her experiences as a painter in Mexico, Robert D. Andrews treats of "The Towers of Boston," August Bruniers of "Carl Milles, a Swedish Sculptor," and J. W. Noran of "Blue Shadows on Nature and Art." There are also articles on architecture, wood carving, landscape gardening, studio talk, reviews, the lay figure, etc.

Norman St. Clair has the honor of being invited to send paintings in water color to the exposition in Rome in March, 1911. Mr. St. Clair is rapidly advancing in his art and is now recognized by eastern critics to be one of the strongest workers in water color in the west. "Awakening Hills," a California foothill study by Mr. St. Clair, has been traveling with the rotary exhibition for several months. Just now this artist is devoting much time to out-of-door sketching.

Everett Barker, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barker, left last week for New York to further his study of art. Mr. Barker was formerly a student of the Art Students' League, and later took special instruction under Rob Wagner. Mr. Barker will specialize in mural painting.

Helma Heynsen Jahn has been engaged to have charge of the class in portraiture at the College of Fine Arts, U.S.C., one day each week. This will mean a great deal to the students of that institution, as it is seldom that a woman of Mrs. Jahn's ability and talent cares to devote her time to class work. Nell Danely Brooker will have charge of the sketch classes and Alfa Wood Anderson will take Elizabeth Waggoner's place as instructor in metal work. Miss Waggoner will have charge of the newly equipped art department of the Hollywood polytechnic high school.

Warren E. Rollins returned Thursday to Los Angeles after a six months' sketching trip in the vicinity of Santa Fe. Mr. Rollins will pass the winter here.

In the death of William Holman

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
(Not Coal Lands.)

U. S. Land Office at  
Los Angeles, Cal., July 14, 1910.  
Notice is hereby given that John G. Martin, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on July 5, 1905, made homestead entry No. 10854, Serial No. 03680, for W. 1/2, S.W. 1/4, N.E. 1/4, S.W. 1/4, Section 34, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 23d day of September, 1910.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Philip Le Sneur, Sam J. Cooper, Charles Harder, John Hetman all of Calabasas, Cal.  
FRANK BUREN, Register.  
Date of first publication, Aug. 13, 1910.

Hunt, which occurred in London, Wednesday, September 7, passed one of the pioneers of the modern school of painting and the only survivor of the notable group of three painters who became famous as the founders of the so-called pre-Raphaelite movement. Holman Hunt was eighty-three years old at the time of his death. A year ago he was critically ill, but recovered. He was born in 1827 in London, and exhibited his first picture in 1846. He was one of the first members of the Order of Merit. Among his best-known works are "The Savior in the Temple," "The Light of the World," "The Shadow of the Death" and "The Triumph of the Innocents."



# Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Most of the clubs and musical organizations are hard at work, and dates for future concerts are rapidly being decided upon. Mr. Behymer's Philharmonic course is scheduled to open with the great Scotti, who certainly will be a great attraction. In fact, everything points to a brilliant season.

This week the American Guild of Organists, the Los Angeles branch, resumed its meetings.

Von Stein Academy, a local school of music, has arranged with Wladimir Cernicoff, a Russian, who has passed much time in London the last several years, to become one of its faculty. Mr. Cernicoff has made quite a specialty of accompanying and played for Albany Ritchie, the violinist, well known a few years ago in Los Angeles, on his last continental tour. Mr. Cernicoff expressed a hope three years ago of visiting America and is fortunate in coming to Los Angeles, which shows every sign of becoming a thoroughly musical city.

Frederick Stevenson had a birthday this week, and upon inquiries of his present undertakings in the line of composition, we find he is living up to the advice of the immortal Shakespeare. Mr. Stevenson wrote in a certain Shakespeare birthday book, several years ago, and Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey and former teacher of Mr. Stevenson, who compiled this little book, never dreamed of the outcome. On one page, under the proper date, is a blank space for an original theme; on the opposite page is a quotation from Shakespeare. Under the date of September 16 may be found the seductive waltz theme of the "Viennese Serenade," made popular last winter by the Lyric Club, and signed Frederick Stevenson, and across from it is: "I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks." ("As You Like It.") Now comes a report from the Ditson Company that the noble Easter anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," only a few months old, has had an unusually large sale. New editions are out of "The Salutation of the Dawn," one with cello obbligato, the other with violin, complete in all details. In the press is a new work for mixed chorus and piano, "Ariel," a dance fantasia, based on the idea of two periods of dance eras. May our local composer, of whom we have a right to be proud, "mar many trees with his love-songs," and make glad by many, many more Easter anthems.

Annual election of the Dominant Club will be held the first Saturday in October, and the nominating committee is hard at work. Miss Mary O'Donoghue proved herself a presiding officer of uncommon ability, and her place will not be easy to fill.

Miss Gertrude Paine, one of the leading representatives of the Dunning system of music teaching, has returned to Los Angeles after several months of representing this excellent method in the east.

Miss Lucile Dickson of the polytechnic high school musical department has returned from her European trip. Mrs. Gertrude Parsons, who went with Miss Dickson, will remain a while longer.

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, who toured extensively with the Pittsburgh Festival Orchestra last season, is engaged this season for many appearances with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

Admirers of Tschai-kowsky should read Eugene Simpson's interesting article from Klin, Russia, the great musician's home, in a recent Musical Courier.

Henri Martean, the violinist, who

was appointed to fill Joachim's place in Berlin, is to play eighteen concertos there during the winter. Mozart's six and the Beethoven, Brahms and Tschai-kowsky will be included, as well as comparatively unknown ones by Gernsheim, Dalcroze, the Swiss composer, Dubois and others.

Prince Henry of Prussia, like his august brother, the kaiser, has ambitions as a composer. He has just written a parade march, and it has been orchestrated for the military bands.

Chicago's musical season begins October 14, when the Thomas Orchestra opens its twentieth season. For this occasion Frederick Stock has written a "Festival March," which is dedicated to the orchestra. The first soloist with the Thomas Orchestra is to be Kocian, the violinist, who is one of Mr. Behymer's attractions early in the season. Among the visiting conductors to the Thomas Orchestra will be Henry Hadley, the American composer, now director of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. The local board of directors of the Symphony Society would do well to secure Mr. Hadley for one of the regular concerts.

Victor Herbert's new opera, words by J. D. Redding of San Francisco, "Natoma," is to be given by the Chicago-Philadelphia company this season.

Collector William Loeb, Jr., of the port of New York, has decreed that every valuable old fiddle sold in this country by an artist must pay duty, says Musical America. He believes that such action will add \$90,000 to the government's coffers. Two instances in particular of where old fiddles have been sold by artists have been brought to the attention of Mr. Loeb, namely, a Guarnerius which Maud Powell sold, and a Stradivarius which Fritz Kreisler disposed of to a Chicago musical instrument concern. The Powell case will come up first for review, and September 15 Miss Powell and her manager, H. Godfrey Turner, will appear at the law department of the customs house for a hearing. Artists in all parts of the world who have played in America are stirred by the action of Collector Loeb. The action is retroactive, and the developments will be watched with interest. In the case of the Maud Powell Guarnerius, the artist brought the fiddle into the country twice and let it out once. On each occasion it was allowed free as "tools of the trade." Some time ago she decided that she could get better results with another instrument, and she sold the Guarnerius for several thousand dollars. Then she bought another fiddle which had rested in the state of California for eighty years. The complexity of the situation that arises out of the action of the government will be understood by all artists and fiddle handlers. Nothing is so intangible as the value of a fiddle. It may be sold for \$10,000 and yet be valueless for concert purposes. A fiddle which would be regarded as of great value by one artist might be viewed as unsatisfactory by others. The old Italian instruments in no way conflict with those of modern manufacture. In short, there is general resentment felt by artists because of Mr. Loeb's ruling.

First rehearsal for the season of 1910-11 was held by the Orpheus Club, Monday evening, with a full attendance. The club has re-engaged for the coming season the same competent director, Mr. Joseph Dupuy, under whose able leadership it has achieved marked success in the past. It has also secured for accompanist, Mr. Will Garroway, whose work last year proved him to be one of the best artists in the city. The club took up its task with an enthusiasm that promises good results for the

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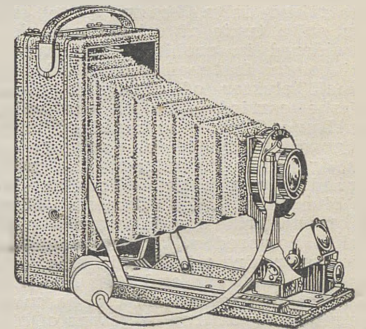
first concert, which will be given in the latter part of November.

Mrs. Estelle Heartt-Dreyfus, who, with her husband, Louis Ernest Dreyfus, has been visiting in Honolulu for a number of weeks, gave a recital recently at the Moana Hotel concert room, her program being a pronounced success, well meriting the praise and the many complimentary notices which the Honolulu papers accorded her. Eight difficult numbers, with only a slight pause between, is a severe test for any singer, but Mrs. Dreyfus' concluding selections were as well rendered as the opening ones. Her program was presented in four languages, and included themes of widely diversified sentiment. A magnetic personality and a rich-toned voice are combined in the attainment of this talented Los Angeles singer's success.

An operating manager once said to Massenet: "My dear master, give me the secret of your abnormal creative ability. Every day you listen to a crowd of singers, you attend every rehearsal, and, besides, you are professor at the Conservatoire. When do you find time to work?" "When you are asleep!" Massenet replied quickly. Through the greater part of his life he has done most of his writing between the hours of 5 and 10 in the morning. Concerning his method of composing, Hughes Imbert gives these details: "After having mentally arranged the main outlines, he begins by making a lead pencil sketch, which he copies in ink almost without a change, and from this sketch, which somewhat resembles an arrangement for piano, he makes the orchestral score. His dexterity equals that of the composer of the 'Danse Macabre,' who also, like Massenet, composes without the aid of the piano. There is never a rough orchestral draft, so to speak, of the score; not that he never goes over again what he has written; but, on the whole, there are few corrections. The minutest nuances, even the movements of the bow, are marked with scrupulous care. But the composer is so sure of what he does that he sends the orchestral score to the printer before it has been played, and it is this score that the conductor uses."

### Honoring a Great Painter

San Francisco's Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association did itself honor at its first meeting for the season, September 12, by giving a "William Keith Day." The great artist is now past the allotted three score years and ten, and is broken in health by constant application to brush and canvas since the destruction of the greater part of his life work by the San Francisco fire. Charles Keeler paid his friend, William Keith an earnest and eloquent tribute in an address entitled "The Artist and the Man," telling of his early struggles, the achievements of middle life, the fulfillment in his old age of the promise of his youth. He expressed the hope that Golden Gate Park or the Berkeley Hills may soon have a Keith gallery, urging Californians to show their appreciation during his lifetime



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of a man great enough to have a room set apart for one of his paintings in the Hamburg gallery, by erecting a suitable building. He also read original poems dedicated to California's master painter. Edward R. Taylor also added his meed of praise on the beauty of Keith's life, and on the greatness of his work, in a forceful address and by reading several sonnets. Miss Ina Coolbrith, the president of the association, spoke earnestly of the man who has endeared himself to countless friends by a clean life and a noble work. Several Keith paintings hung on the walls of the club rooms, justifying the claim of the painter's admirers, that his work in his seventy-second year is unsurpassed by his earlier canvases.

E. F. L.  
San Francisco, September 13, 1910.





# Social & Personal



By Ruth Burke

Following the picturesque and fashionable garden wedding of Miss Mary Sherman Clark and Dr. Henry Owen Eversole, which took place Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli P. Clark, 9 St. James Park, announcement was made of the betrothal of the youngest daughter, Miss Katherine Tritle Clark, to Mr. Wilfred Keefer Barnard, son of the late Mr. John F. Barnard of Elendale place. While the nuptials of Miss Mary Clark and Dr. Eversole were planned to be simple, yet the appointments were extremely artistic, and the prominence of the principals made the event one of unusual interest to society. The ceremony took place at 4:30 o'clock. The garden formed an attractive setting for the service, which was performed by Dr. Warren F. Day and Dr. Robert J. Burdette. The bride was attired in a heavy white satin gown, with tunic of valenciennes lace, embroidered in orchids. Her veil of real lace was fastened at each side with a small cluster of orange blossoms, and she carried lilies of the valley. Miss Lucy Clark was maid of honor, her gown being of blue pompadour satin, draped in lavender chiffon, which fastened into a hobble effect band of pale blue tulle. Miss Katherine Clark, one of the bridesmaids, wore a gown of blue flowered silk with pale blue chiffon overskirt, trimmed in blue satin. Miss Lucy Sherman and Miss Hazeltine Sherman, who also assisted as maids were similarly attired in gowns of blue, draped in lavender chiffon, the different overdresses being graduated into the darker shades. All carried clusters of tiger lilies and wore bands of pale blue tulle about their hair, streamers being dropped from the bow effect in the back. Mr. Eugene Clark, brother of the bride, was best man. The bridal chorus from Lohengrin was sung by Miss Margaret Goetz' quartet. Supper was served, following the ceremony, guests being placed at small tables scattered about the garden. The bride's table in the house was decorated with a huge centerpiece of tiger lilies, surrounded by lilies of the valley. At either end were a crystal candelabra and a cluster of tiger lilies. Besides the members of the bridal party places about the board were set for Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Gwendolen Laughlin, Mrs. John Hastings Howard, Mrs. Robert P. Sherman, Miss Marion Macneil, Miss Inez Clark, Mrs. Titian J. Coffey, Mr. Byron Stookey, Mr. Morgan Adams, Mr. Roy Wheeler, Mr. Kay Crawford, Mr. Charles Burnett, Lieut. John Hastings Howard, Dr. Titian J. Coffey, Mr. James Page, Mr. Robert P. Sherman, Mr. Roy Naftzger and Mr. William H. Averill. Mrs. Clark, mother of the bride, wore a handsome gown of blue pompadour silk, draped in chantilly lace, embroidered in gold. She was assisted by Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. L. E. Linville, Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Malcolm Rorty, Miss Lena McNaughten, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell. Dr. and Mrs. Eversole left on a short motoring trip and will complete their honeymoon with a trip abroad next spring. After November 1 they will be at home to their friends at 657 Witmer street. Announcement of the betrothal of Miss Katherine Clark and Mr. Barnard was charmingly made, being written on dainty paper scrolls, hand-painted with hearts and tiny cupids, and tied with ribbons of blue and lavender tulle. These were distributed among the guests by Miss Lois Chamberlain and Miss Kate Van Nuys, who carried the scrolls about the grounds in an artistic basket. No date is announced for the Clark-Barnard wedding.

At a prettily appointed but simple wedding service at St. Vibiana's cathedral Monday, Mrs. Lucile Fox-James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell Fox of Eagle Rock, was married to Mr. John James Brennan. Only relatives were present. The bride wore a gown of gray cloth, tailor-made, with a picture hat of peacock blue and

plumes to match. Her matron of honor was Mrs. Harrison Charlebois and Mr. Charlebois was best man. Rev. Edward R. Kirk of the cathedral parish officiated at the service and afterward a wedding breakfast was served at the Fox home. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan have left for a trip of several months to Europe, after which they will return to Los Angeles to live. Pending the completion of their new home on San Rafael Heights, they will be guests upon their return of Mr. and Mrs. Fox in Eagle Rock.

Wednesday evening occurred the wedding of Miss Virginia Parker and Mr. George H. Sissons, the ceremony being celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Callie M. Parker, 655 Wilshire place, Rev. Baker P. Lee officiating. Roses were used in decorating the home, differing colors being arranged in the various rooms. The bride's gown was of Duchesse satin, veiled in chiffon and trimmed with rose point lace. She carried a cluster of lilies of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Sissons will visit in the north during their wedding trip, and after November 1 will be at home to their friends with the bride's mother, receiving their friends each Friday.

Miss Laura Pirtle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pirtle of Verdugo canyon, was married Wednesday noon to Mr. Ernest Hubbard Owen of Glendale, the Rev. R. P. Howell officiating. The bride was attired in white and carried a white bible. She was attended by her little niece, Shirely Chase, and Elene Brininstool, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brininstool, the little girls serving as flower girls. The bride is a Girls' Collegiate graduate, and the groom a young business man of Glendale, where they will make their home, occupying a pretty bungalow at 241 Maryland street.

Cards have been received announcing the wedding of Mrs. Helen McClure Harrington to Mr. Robert Watson Hadden, son of the late William Hadden of Haddington, England. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. C. Davis in Christ church, Woburn Square, London, England, August 2. Mr. and Mrs. Hadden will come to Los Angeles to make their home, and after October 15 will receive their friends at 1807 Harvard boulevard.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Lorraine Stanford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Welton Stanford, to Mr. Glen E. Huntsberger of Lake street, the ceremony having been celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in Schenectady, N. Y., Monday, September 5. After a honeymoon trip to the Yellowstone and other points of interest, Mr. and Mrs. Huntsberger will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Miss Mildred Almira Smith, daughter of the late Judge William M. Smith of Ontario, was married recently to Mr. Owen Bellwood, the ceremony taking place at their own little home, 320 East Fortieth street, where they will receive their friends after October 1.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Ann Louise de Selbrun, formerly of Hollywood to Mr. John George Griffith. The ceremony was celebrated August 27 at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. Griffith is from Moscow, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koebig of 2118 Hobart boulevard announce the marriage of their eldest son, Dr. Walter C. Koebig, of this city to Miss Pearl L. Hoeghe of Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Betrothal Announcements

Announcement is made by Mrs. Helen R. Rethey of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Lillian H. Rethey, to Mr. Ford A. Hathaway, a young business man of this city.

Of interest is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McDonald of Verdugo of the engagement of their

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daughter, Miss Mabel Genevieve McDonald, to Mr. Jordan Stewart Neel of Glendale. No date has been set for the wedding. Miss McDonald is an attractive young woman with many friends, and her betrothed is a young civil engineer.

Announcement is made, by way of London, that early in December Mrs. Sumner Clarke of Peoria, Ill., will marry Col. J. J. Harrison, a noted explorer and discoverer of the pigmies in the Congo Free State. Local interest in this is due to the fact that Mrs. Clarke is a sister of Mrs. A. L. Stetson of 1240 West Twenty-ninth street, having many friends in this city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ida L. Taylor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, to Mr. John Clarke Oakley, son of Mr. T. W. Oakley of this city and a nephew of Mr. J. Bond Francisco. Both Mr. Oakley and Miss Taylor are art students in Paris.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lawton of 2274 West Twenty-first street of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Alice Elizabeth Lawton, to Mr. Robert H. Peeler of Coal-inga. The wedding will take place in October.

## Society Events Ahead

Opening night of the bankers' show, "The Maid of Manalay," at the Auditorium, September 26, will be the occasion for a number of box parties. Mr. and Mrs. John P. Burke will entertain a number of friends, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. Lee C. Gates will occupy another box, and with them will be Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Clark, the Misses June and Hazel Gates and Mr. Harold Baker. Rev. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette and party also will be present. Other parties are being formed by Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Soudan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Toll and Mr. Don W. Carlton. Besides those for the first night there will be numerous parties throughout the week, and the Saturday matinee

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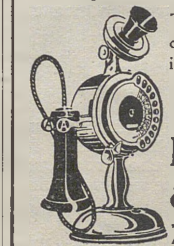
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will be given over to the younger set, many of the girls of the chorus being a part of the social life of the city.

Mrs. Edwin J. Brent of Berkeley Square will be hostess at a bridge luncheon to be given at her home Tuesday afternoon, September 27, in honor of Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards, who will leave early in October for an eastern trip. Mrs. Brent will be at home after October 1, the first Wednesday of each month.

Among today's affairs will be a bridge luncheon which Mrs. J. C. Brown will give at her home on Westlake avenue. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Brown entertained with the first of a series of bridge luncheons.

Mrs. W. O. Morton will be hostess Tuesday afternoon, September 20, at a house warming party given at her new home on Mariposa avenue.

#### Past Entertainments

Any number of delightful social affairs have been given in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ernest Dreyfus, who are visiting in Honolulu. One of the pleasantest was the poi supper given there by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chillingworth. The guests were seated at a long table, which was laden with Hawaiian delicacies. The color scheme was in yellow and green and ilima leis, intermingled with malle, marked each place, while in the center was a large silver epergne filled with Hawaiian fruits. Hawaiian melodies were sung, toasts were given, and following the repast, Mrs. Dreyfus graciously rendered one or two songs. Among other social affairs given for Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus were a luncheon at which Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jewett Lowrey were host and hostess; a polo party given by Judge Perry; an evening party by Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Marix, and several other events. Mrs. Dreyfus was a guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. John T. Warren, and Mr. Dreyfus was a guest at a stag luncheon given by Prince Palanianaole, followed by a motor party to the Pali and to Maunaloa.

In honor of Mr. John Daniel Barry of New York, the well-known playwright, novelist and sociologist, who is visiting in the city, Mrs. George White Field and her son, Mr. Perez H. Field, gave an informal reception at their home, 4977 Pasadena avenue, Tuesday evening. A short talk on "The Modern Theater" was appreciated from Mr. Barry. Among those invited to meet Mr. Barry were Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Capt. and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Judge and Mrs. Matthew T. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Alliot, Mr. and Mrs. John S. McGroarty, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Anderson, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Mrs. Harold Wren, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Prof. and Mrs. James M. Dixon, Mrs. John McCray, Miss Mary Foy, Miss Cora Foy, Miss Frances Jolliffe of San Francisco, Miss Echo Allen, Mr. Charles F. Luminis, Mr. Charles Field, Mr. Wayland Smith and Mr. Hugh Adams.

One of the prettiest affairs of the week was the luncheon Monday at the California Club at which Mrs. Robert Sherman of 2069 Oxford avenue was hostess. The guests of honor were Misses Hazeltine Sherman and Lucy Sherman of San Francisco, who recently returned from Europe and came down to Los Angeles to serve as bridesmaids at the wedding, Thursday, of Miss Mary Clark and Dr. Owen Eversole. Pink and green were effectively combined in the decorations of table and room. A large cut-glass vase, with a cluster of Killarney roses and ferns, formed a centerpiece, and smaller vases of the same flowers and large pink ribbon bows were also used on the table. The place cards were dainty affairs, hand-painted, representing overturned baskets of pink roses. Covers were laid for fifteen, and Miss Clark was a special guest.

Judge and Mrs. Sidney Ballou of Honolulu recently entertained at their beautiful Hawaiian home, "Overseas," in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Spalding, the latter couple being of this city.

Commander and Mrs. Ward Winchell of Kenwood avenue, assisted by Mrs. Marcia Champ, entertained with an after-theater supper Wednesday evening at the former's home in honor of

Miss Ruby Bridges, who is playing this week at the Majestic with Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle." The guests included Mr. and Mrs. William James Chick, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ferris, Dr. E. P. Wood, Mr. Ed Fanning and Mr. William Mills.

Mrs. Sidney Irving Wailes of Chicago, who, with her baby, is the house guest of her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Brown of 1653 West Twenty-fifth street, was hostess Wednesday afternoon at an informal tea, her guests including old-time friends who knew her here before her marriage. Mrs. Wailes will return to her home next month.

Mrs. W. A. Moorehouse of 745 South Bonnie Brae street was hostess yesterday afternoon at an informal afternoon at cards, entertaining for Mrs. William E. Horn, who will leave September 26 for an eastern trip.

Mrs. George A. Howard, Jr., of 849 Kingsley drive entertained recently with a luncheon of ten covers in honor of Mrs. Alfred Schaefer of San Francisco. The decorations were in a color scheme of yellow and purple.

In compliment to Miss Ella Mahaffe of Kansas City, who is visiting here, Miss Ruth Doherty entertained recently with a luncheon at the Lankershim, followed by a party at the Belasco Theater.

#### At the Hotels

Tuesday evening Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Turner of Pasadena gave a very pretty dinner at the Mt. Washington, in celebration of their wedding anniversary. The glass dining room was used for the occasion, and the table was elaborately decorated with pink roses and maiden hair ferns. Pink-shaded candles added a soft, dainty light, and hand-painted cards marked the places. Those present besides Dr. and Mrs. Turner, were Mayor and Mrs. Earley, Misses Jessie and Alice Earley, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Michener, Mr. G. C. Earley, and O. W. Chase of the United States army.

Mrs. W. G. Jobson entertained informally at luncheon Tuesday at Hotel Mt. Washington. Covers were laid for nine, and included, besides the hostess, Mrs. Joseph L. King, Mrs. Mark Brown, Mrs. W. D. Stephens, Mrs. I. R. Bancroft, Mrs. L. M. Hamilton, Mrs. A. B. Taylor, Mrs. Lyman A. Craig and Mrs. N. B. Harmon.

Recent arrivals at Mt. Washington include Mr. and Mrs. Basil Beall and their son, Mr. Harry Hammond Beall, and Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Michener.

This evening Mrs. Jessie Hilton Willson will give a musical program in the parlors of the Mt. Washington Hotel.

#### Brief Personal Mention

Mrs. E. P. Bryan and her daughter, Miss Bryan of 41 Westmoreland place, left Monday for an eastern trip of two or three months. They went direct to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they will remain a month, going thence to New York. In the latter city Mr. Bryan and his married daughter, Mrs. L. T. Bradford, will join them. Mr. Bradford may also join the party for the latter part of their visit.

Mrs. Albert H. Busch of Portland street, with her daughter, Miss Amy Busch, and son, Mr. Hays Busch, will leave Sunday evening for Washington, D. C., where they will remain during the winter. Miss Busch will enter the Mt. Vernon school. In the spring they will be joined by Mr. Busch and will go abroad for a year. They will be accompanied by Mrs. John Boedeker of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh and daughters, Florence and Martha Marsh, of Westchester place, Dr. and Mrs. Milbank Johnson and children, Louise and Evelyn Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank formed a party which left Wednesday for a six weeks' eastern trip. They will visit in Chicago, New York and later go to the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker of the fashionable Burlingame colony, who has been living abroad for more than a year with her small son, has returned to her northern home. Mr. Hooker preceded her by several months. She has many friends in Los Angeles, where she was a temporary resident four years ago.

Mrs. John W. A. Off and her daughter

and son, Miss Georgia Off and Mr. John W. A. Off, Jr., have gone east, where Miss Off will enter school in Washington, and her brother will begin a college course in one of the institutions of the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Hattie Elliott and her son, Paul, who have been traveling for six months through the United States and Canada, have returned home. They were accompanied on their travels by Rev. J. C. Elliott, who remained in New York for a visit of several months.

Mr. Homer Laughlin and his daughter, Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin, of 666 West Adams street, are home from a year's sojourn abroad. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., who went east to make the return trip with them.

Mrs. Smith and her talented daughter, Miss Lillian Smith, have left for Europe, where the latter will give two years to the study of music. Recently they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Whitlong at their country place near Beverly.

Miss Pauline Barr, who has been abroad for two years, studying music, is ill in London at present. Her mother and sister are with her and the three will return home as soon as Miss Barr's health will permit.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant of 904 West Twenty-eighth street have gone to Mexico. They accompanied Dr. H. B. Ainsworth to the southern republic and will remain there two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and their daughter, Miss Aileen McCarthy, who have been occupying their Redondo Beach home during the summer, are in San Francisco for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koebig and sons, Mr. Adolph Koebig and Mr. Kurt Koebig, have returned from Venice, where they were for the summer, and are again in their own home, 2118 Hobart boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Desmond and family have returned from Venice, where they occupied their cozy beach cottage part of the summer, and are at their home, 958 South Alvarado street.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Pritchard and their little daughter, Evelyn Viola, have moved into their new home at 1002 South Union avenue, where Mrs. Pritchard will be at home Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crosby and family have returned to their home, 1104 West Thirty-eighth street, after having passed the summer at their seaside cottage, Kil-Kare, Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Frackleton, with their son, Harold, and their daughter, Miss Ruth Frackleton, have returned from Ocean Park and are at their home, 1832 Manhattan place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison M. Bowker of Ellendale place left Monday for a tour of the middle west and to visit other places of interest. They will be away about six weeks.

Miss Florence Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bartlett of Hollywood is at home, following a three months' motoring trip through Michigan and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce R. Wallace are back from a protracted stay at Lake Tahoe, and after September 15 will be at home to their friends at 807 South Burlington.

Mrs. Bernard Potter of 837 Kingsley drive is entertaining as a house guest, her cousin, Lieut. George C. Lewis, stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco.

Mrs. John A. Prinsen of 868 Ardmore avenue has gone to the City of Mexico, where she will visit for two months with her son, Mr. H. C. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl and their children will return home next week from Redondo Beach, where they have been occupying the Groff cottage.

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Bridge have moved in from Pasadena and are at home now at 10 Chester place.

Miss Mabel Clute of 1216 Orange street is back from Lake Tahoe, where she enjoyed a long stay.

Miss Alice Rooney of San Francisco,

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

## SPALDING'S ATHLETIC STORE

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### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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03677 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California.  
August 25, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Stella S. McAllister, widow of Frederick T. McAllister, deceased, of Topanga, California, who, on June 22, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10847, Serial No. 03677, for Lots 1 and 2, E. 1/4 N. W. 1/4, Section 7, Township 1 S, Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of October, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jesus Santa Maria, of Topanga, California; Joseph B. Robinson, of Topanga, California; Guy G. Bundy, of Santa Monica, California; James A. Craig, of Topanga, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Date of first publication Sept. 3, 1910.



# Cheaters

It is good to welcome Lewis Stone back to the Belasco stage, even in such a strawberry role as King Stephen of Bosnia in Channing Pollock's whimsy, "Such a Little Queen." Mr. Pollock's play would make a delicious novelette for a smart magazine, and its flashes of polished wit and epigram would be surer to "get" the reader than it does the audience. When Stephen, king of Bosnia, his betrothed, Ana Victoria, queen of Herzegovina, and Anna's prime minister, Baron Cosaca, are forced to flee from their kingdoms and take refuge in New York, they taste the hardships of the "mob." Of course, the sight of a real queen—even though her kingdom be smaller than one of the larger American cities—cooking lamb chops in a Harlem flat and mashing potatoes with her scepter is bound to be engaging. And the various stages in the transformation of Stephen, the debonair, to Stephen, the man, is especially appealing to democracy. Yet the play does not get below the surface; it remains merely pretty. Interest, naturally, centers about Eve Kelly, the new leading woman. Miss Kelly leaves an impression of winsomeness and petite girlishness. We have grown used to leading women who are both sinuous and sensuous, and it will be interesting to see what this pretty ingenue can do at the head of the Belasco organization. Her work Monday night was handicapped by a nervousness that prevented complete abandon to her role and led her into the mistake of overemphasizing the childish note in her voice, so that she missed that intimate appeal to the heart for which the part calls. Mr. Stone does wonders with the role of Stephen, which is at best poor stuff for a man of this actor's talents. Richard Vivian is the clean-cut American boy, Robert Trainor, playing with a vigor and directness that leave a lasting impression. As the proud old baron, William Yerance gives a capital portrait, and Frank Camp is no less excellent as Adolph Lauman, despite the fact that he was allotted only four hours to the preparation of his lines. Character parts of especial worthiness are the Nathaniel Quigg of Charles Ruggles—an artistic achievement for this young actor—and the Harry Sherman of Charles Giblyn. Minor roles are brilliantly played. Helene Sullivan is a charming Elizabeth Lauman, both in appearance and acting, and Adele Farrington's brief appearance as a slangy "plug shooter," wins her a hearty hand. Scenically, the play is all that could be desired—the last act showing a rose-bowered veranda deserving encomiums.

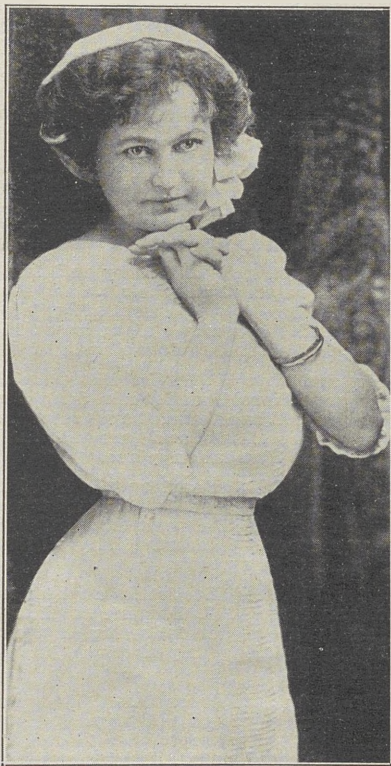
## "Seven Days," at the Mason

Three acts of ludicrous improbabilities that keep the audience in a continual chuckle, with frequent guffaws—that is "Seven Days" as it is being played at the Mason Opera House this week. There is nothing subtle about this comedy-farce of Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, it is horseplay from start to finish. It begins with a dinner given by James Wilson, fair, fat and forty. Jimmy is a widower—by the grace of Reno. He is unhappy because he still loves his ex-wife, but in celebration of the first anniversary of their divorce he invites his boon companions, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Brown and Kit McNair to dinner. Then comes Tom Harbison, former fiancé of Kit's, an unexpected guest from South America. Then, too, drops in Jimmy's Aunt Selina, a suffragette. Aunt Selina is Jimmy's bank account. She deprecates divorce, consequently, Jimmy has not informed her of his domestic difficulties, in fear lest she withdraw his allowance. When she appears at the festive dinner party, Jimmy persuades Kit to impersonate Bella, his former wife. Meanwhile, the real Bella has returned from Europe and quietly steals into her house, ostensibly to get Charlotte, the cook, away from Jimmy, but really to see how her relict is progressing. There are other unexpected guests in the persons of Officer Flan-

nigan, who steals in to see Charlotte, and goes to sleep, and Tubby McGirk, a burglar. Just as things are nicely mixed up, quarantine is declared, because the Japanese valet is apparently suffering from smallpox. The servants have managed to get wind of the affair and have disappeared before the guard reaches the house. For seven long days Jimmy's dinner guests are imprisoned. Jimmy and Bella still love each other. Kit and Tom are suffering from the same complaint. Yet Bella and Tom think that Kit is Jimmy's wife, and because of Aunt Selina, the poor victims are unable to explain. It is a merry tangle, merrily untangled. Nearly every line is a laugh—it keeps one on the qui vive to catch them all. The fun is fast and furious—and clean. The company is the sort that grows on one. As James Wilson, Aubrey Beattie is a delightful fat man, and Ned Finley's dry waggishness is eminently suited to the character of Dallas Brown. Norma Mitchell's Kit McNair is a droll creature. Florence Robinson rather exaggerates the characteristics of Aunt Selina, a criticism which also applies to the grimacing and contortions of Clare Weldon as Anne Brown. Scenically, the play comes up to expectations.

## "The Battle" at the Majestic

In "The Battle," the Majestic's offering this week, with Wilton Lackaye in the leading role, is presented a play

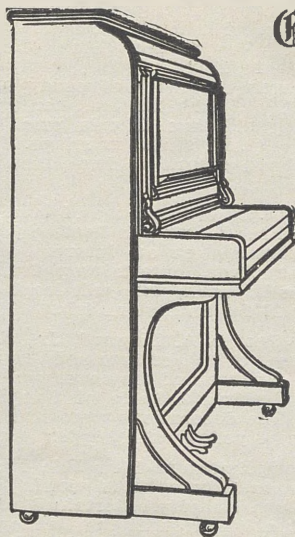


MINNIE DUPREE AT THE ORPHEUM

of virile and interesting worth. Primarily, it is a man's story, and its human interest theme is the strife of a multi-millionaire to win the love of his son, from whom he has been separated since the latter's early childhood. The boy, ignorant of his father's identity and position, has been raised in surroundings of squalor, where the cry of Socialists against capital is the dominant note. The father goes down into the tenement district, lives as one of the poorest class, wins not only the love and respect of his son, but demonstrates that brains are a powerful factor in attaining success and building up wealth, even when handicapped by the direst poverty. A thread of romance pervades the play, but the filial love theme is the major feature, and the women's roles are not convincing. Wilton Lackaye as John J. Haggleton,

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the millionaire, makes the character one of greater strength than was conceived even by the playwright. He has an intellectual understanding of emotionalism and his individual conception of the role and low-voiced delineation makes the part one of intense and compelling interest. Dick Lee, as Joe, adds the humorous touch to the play. His interpretation is Cohanesque, but praiseworthy so. T. F. O'Malley's Moran, the radical Socialist, is an artfully portrayed character, both as to make-up and acting. Douglas J. Wood as Philip Ames, the son, and T. J. McGrane, as Gentle, do good work, but their roles are overshadowed by the virility of the others. Ruby Bridges as Margaret Lawrence and Doris Burton as Jenny are adequate in parts which have a minor interest.

## Operatic Gems at the Orpheum

Vaudeville's scope is widening every season—as is evidenced this week by the ambitious Orpheum offering of "The Operatic Festival," numbering a score of singers who offer the audience operatic gems—the sweetly sentimental sort, to be sure, but, nevertheless, excellent music, well sung. Before the musical treat comes J. C. Nugent, whose deliberate manner of getting his funnyisms over the footlights contributes almost as much to his success as a laugh-producer as do his sparkles of wit. His original oddity, "The Squarer," deals mostly with dry Martinis, green Chartreuse, highballs, etc., but it does not become offensive, as that brand of humor is prone to do. Edward Flanagan and Neely Edwards in "On and Off," are occasionally diverting. Last and least on the program of newcomers is the Harvey-DeVora Trio. The only things worth while in their act are the Yama Yama dance and the work of the little black midget, who does a few dancing steps and helps his colleagues exploit a few almost-jokes. Holdovers are Jimmie Lucas and his dancing girls, Stepp, Mehlinger & King, "The Police Inspector," and Lou Anger.

## Offerings for Next Week

Belasco audiences have showed so pronounced a liking for "Such a Little Queen" that this comedy romance by Channing Pollock will be continued for a second week, beginning Monday night. This story of a young queen and her faithful old minister of state and their deplorable financial circumstances in New York contains much pathetic and sentimental interest. The love story is charming, and the comedy clean, genuine humor. Miss Eva Kelly's portrayal of the young queen has won the hearts of Belasco patrons, while Mr. Stone as the young king, Stephen of Bosnia, is seen in a role in which he is at his best. Mr. Vivian's Robert Trainor is one of the best things of



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the production. After "Such a Little Queen," the Belasco company will give the first stock company performance of Clyde Fitch's comedy success, "Girls."

William C. DeMille's virile drama, "Strongheart," will be put on at the Burbank Theater for the week beginning with Sunday's matinee. The play offers the problem of the white man's attitude toward the aborigine. The fact that the Indian is welcome as a brother, but not as a brother-in-law, is forcefully brought out in the story of Soangataha, college graduate and football hero. Soangataha, or Strongheart, is a close friend of Dick Livingstone, his classmate in college. Dick swears by Strongheart, until he discovers that the Indian is in love with his sister, Molly Livingstone. Then rises the old racial instinct, and Dick tells Strongheart that of all relations with white people, marriage alone is barred. Byron Beasley will be seen as Strongheart, and the entire strength of the Burbank company appear in the supporting cast.

Minnie Dupree, former star of "The Road to Yesterday," comes to the Orpheum a headliner for the week beginning Monday matinee, September 19, in Frank Ferguson's sketch, "The Minister's Wife." Miss Dupree has won much praise in this playlet, in which she depicts the ex-actress, wife of a staid preacher. She is assisted by J. P. Jones and Harry Larabee. Al Jolson, blackface comedian par excellence, who last year was one of the stars of the Dockstader constellation, comes with new jokes for the edification of his audiences. The original Six Kaufmanns, the cycling performers, will appear at the Orpheum next week, featuring Frank, the wizard. The Kaufmanns have wheeled the world over. There have been several imitators, who have stolen both their feats and their names, but this is the original troupe. Renee, styled the Goddess of Music, is an Orpheum importation. She is a beautiful woman who plays several instruments. Holding over are "The Operatic Festival," J. C. Nugent and Co., Flanagan & Edwards, and the Harvey-DeVora-John Dough trio.

Levy's Cafe Chantant seems to have become one of the principal methods of passing a pleasant half hour. The orchestra is good and the artists present an entertaining bill of variety and sustained interest. For the forthcoming week the Royal Hungarian Grozian Troupe of Danvers will be the center of attention. It is composed of two girls and three boys, who have had considerable success over the eastern Orpheum time. Next week is the last of Countess Olga Rossi, who has gained many friends during her four week's stay. Otto Dobes and Juliette Borel, the eccentric dancers, who jumped into immediate favor on their first appearance last week, will have new songs, dances and costumes. Grace Belmont continues on her sunshiny way for another week—her last—and will have a number of new serio-comic songs.

For two weeks the Majestic Theater will be dark, re-opening with Margaret Illington in her new play, "Until Eternity," a drama upon the theme of mother love.

#### Banded for Medical Freedom

Composed of a number of the prominent men of the city is the National League for Medical Freedom, which has opened permanent offices at 508 Laughlin building. Its aim is to defeat "paternal, unnecessary, extravagant, un-American legislation." The league is not opposed to sanitation or quarantine and has no quarrel with the faithful medical practitioner. It seeks to unmask and oppose any legislation which endeavors to put into power any one system of healing and use the government prestige and machinery to enforce its theories and opinions upon citizens who believe in other forms of healing. The local committee is composed of Reynolds E. Blight, H. M. Newmark, P. W. Powers and Dr. G. P. Waring. The league is non-sectarian and non-political.

Whittier councilmen have voted to call a bond election for \$40,000 with which to purchase a new site for a city hall and to erect a suitable building thereon. The date for the election has not been set.

### Metropolitan Museum Gets a Rare Find

Here is a curiously interesting story which came to my ears the other day, and has led to the acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of one of the most interesting pieces of carving that has been seen in many a long day. An artist of some distinction was recently in a small Canadian town, enjoying a leisurely vacation. One day, a casual acquaintance, knowing his interest in beautiful things, asked him if he would care to take the trouble to run up to an old farm house to see a carved bed that had belonged to a Chinese emperor. All of us have heard from time to time of rural curiosities, and my friend smiled incredulously, but ever on the lookout for adventures, agreed to go. The next day he was introduced to the bed, and, to his amazement, found it the most exquisite piece of carving he had ever seen. It was a colossal affair, and its beauty excited both his curiosity and his admiration.

How did such a work of art happen to be in a Canadian farm house? That it was a genuine piece of Chinese work could not be doubted, but had it really belonged to an emperor? All that the man who had brought it to his attention could tell him was that for fifty years it had been in the farm house, that its owner had died, and that his nephew had offered to sell it to a man whom he thought would be likely to buy an old thing. This man had bid it in at auction for the sum of \$300. No one in the community had any idea of its real value until the artist assured them it would be found to be in the neighborhood of \$25,000 or \$30,000. The story back of the thing interested the artist enough for him to make a persistent effort to ferret it out and finally he began to piece it out bit by bit. He found that the old man who had been sleeping on the bed had, fifty years before, been a roustabout in the customs house; that while he was serving in that capacity a tea clipper from China had been wrecked on a near-by island. It was easy to see that had the bed been on the tea clipper the old man would have been in a position to secure it. But how the bed happened to be there was the puzzle.

One day the artist told the story to an old friend, who had once served in the British navy, and showed him pictures of the bed. As the old officer looked at them his mind began to travel back, and suddenly he said, "I have seen that bed before. It was in the Chinese emperor's palace." He then added the link that was necessary to complete the chain. It seems that about fifty years ago the opium war was on between England and China, and the Britisher had been a midshipman on an English ship when a palace at Peking was raided. This bed, with its imposing canopies, had remained in his mind as one of the beautiful articles of furniture that he had seen at the time. The loot that the soldiers obtained was carried with them on the transport when they returned home, if it were small enough to be taken aboard. But the bed was too large to be conveyed in this way, and with other cumbersome things found its way on board a tea clipper. The beauty of the find is that the bed is absolutely perfect. There is not a scratch on its surface. If it had been in a steam-heated New York house for the same length of time it undoubtedly would have been cracked to the point of ruin. The dampness of the old house, together with its unwieldy weight, had been its salvation. Once in position it had never been moved, and there was nothing to harm it. Now it is only a question of a few months when it will find its home in the Metropolitan Museum. The artist, as soon as he reached New York, took the pictures and the story to the authorities of the museum. The curator of the Chinese department at once recognized the value of the bed, and assured him that it would be bought without a moment's delay.

Sir Purdon Clark, the director of the museum, has been in England for a year on leave of absence. Recently, he found his health so bad that he could not possibly retain his position. The

**Morosco's Burbank Theater**  
BEGINNING MATINEE, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

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trustees of the museum, on the receipt of his letter of resignation, in recognition of the work that Sir Purdon has done for the museum, immediately voted to continue his full salary of \$15,000 for one year, and after the year expires to offer him the position of foreign adviser for life at a salary of \$5,000. Such an action is a great compliment, as it testifies to their confidence in him and their appreciation of what he has accomplished. When he was brought over from England to take the position of director of the museum, there was a certain amount of dissatisfaction among American artists because Americans had been passed by and the post given to an Englishman, especially as Sir Purdon Clark is an authority on rugs and Chinese porcelains and not on pictures or sculpture, which many of us think should form the backbone of a museum. However, the improvement in the hanging of the pictures has been so great and the administration of museum affairs so effective that they long ago became reconciled to his regime. At least, they could not but admire the sturdiness with which he fathered his expressed opinions.

\* \* \*

An interesting incident happened in the early days of his administration. A young cub of a reporter interviewed him, and Sir Purdon, not perhaps realizing that he was talking for publication, gave a curiously frank expression of his opinions about the paintings in the museum. Evidently, he has little sympathy with received opinions and he proceeded to say very frankly that certain of the pictures generally conceded to be of the best, were exceedingly bad and praised others which most people would like to have relegated to the attic. The next day, when the article appeared, critics were horrified, and the editor, thinking the whole thing a mistake, sent an experienced reporter to interview Sir Purdon, apologize and tell him that the paper would do all in its power to rectify the impression it had created. Its columns were open to him for a denial and he was assured that all the space he needed would be placed at his disposal. But, to the amazement of everybody concerned, Sir Purdon said that he had been quoted correctly, and that he did not wish to make any changes in the reported interview. One cannot help admiring the stamina of a man who will stand by his colors in so unmitigable a way. But whether Sir Purdon knows or cares about pictures makes little difference so long as he showed wisdom in the selection of the assistants whom he placed at the head of the various departments. Under his regime there has been an immeasurable improvement in the hanging of the pictures and most of them are gaining a permanent place, where lovers of individual canvases can find them without searching the walls in an effort to find them.

ANNE PAGE.  
New York, September 12, 1910.



# Books

It has arrived! Theodore Roosevelt's book of African big game hunting, which has been awaited with so much interest, according to expectation is decidedly piquant and Rooseveltian. Patterson, Rainesford, Bronson and others pioneered the way before the Uganda railroad had linked Mombasa and the Upper Nile and Khartoum. "African Game Trails" is different—just as the writer is a unique individual. And yet, there is less of the opinionative personality of the vigorous ex-president injected into this work than in any previous book from his pen. In fact, Roosevelt was so keenly alive to the wonders of the trip, so observant and alert for the unusual, and his companions were so helpfully inspiring and his mission so important, that there was not space for other than the descriptions of the highly interesting fauna and flora of the regions visited, the scenes and most striking incidents of the year's sojourn in the Dark Continent.

It was in April, 1909, that the distinguished party composed of Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit; three eminent naturalists, Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Edgar A. Mearns, U.S.A., retired; Edmund Heller of California, and J. Alden Loring of Oswego, N. Y. with J. R. Cunningham and Leslie Tarlton as guides, started out through the famous African hunting grounds on the "scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian, to collect birds, mammals, reptiles and plants, but especially specimens of big game, for the National Museum at Washington." Arrangements were made for Mr. Roosevelt's safari by the noted big game hunters, Frederick Courteney Selous and Edward North Buxton, and, as Mr. Bronson prognosticated "In Closed Territory," the entire population, native and foreign, welcomed the great man from a great nation, and extended the warmest hospitality at every point on the expedition. At the ranches of the settlers, the Hills, Lord Alfred Pease, MacMillan's Juja Farm, the Heatley Rancho—everywhere thoughtful attention and courtesy followed the guest of honor from America.

There is a noticeable absence of the usual measurements of horns, bodies and such sportsmanlike details, that is really a relief to the general reader. The space is given to subject matter infinitely more interesting to the ordinary individual, namely, the birds and bees, the trees and flowers, the general appearance of the country, the peculiar features of the life of the game encountered and the homely scenes about the camp. The illustrations, many of which are handsome engravings of the more dramatic occasions of the hunt, are quite as instructive and entertaining as a book. The appendices as to the mammals obtained, observations by Loring and Dr. Mearns, and the discussion of the protective coloring theory by Colonel Roosevelt are valuable additions to the text, which is not only a beautiful piece of work but a worthy addition to any library.

His style is plain and somewhat abrupt; almost crude in places, though always graphic, marking the man of action rather than of letters. But what he lacks in literary facility is more than offset by his extraordinarily keen power of observation. Nothing, apparently, escaped his eyes. One curious characteristic peculiar to his writing is his fondness for the use of colons and semi-colons dropped at random in a sentence: "Then we came out on high downs, covered with tall grass and littered with volcanic stones; and broken by ravines which were choked with dense underbrush." And again, "We saw new kinds of whydah birds, one with a yellow breast, one white in its tail; at this altitude the cocks were still in full plumage, although it was just past the middle of September; whereas at Naivasha they had begun to lose their long tail feathers nearly two months previously."

His comparisons are mostly Ameri-

can, hence their vividness and color to American readers. Viewing the country from the veranda of a house on the beautiful Kitanga hills, he says:

In many ways it reminds one curiously of the great plains of the west, where they slope upward to the foothills of the Rockies. Although under the equator, the altitude is so high that the nights are cool and the region as a whole is very healthy. Of course, there was no real identity in any feature; but again and again the landscape struck me by its general likeness to the cattle country I knew so well.

As illustrative of his best style, a pretty bit of descriptive painting is that in approaching Nairobi Falls, on the Reatley Rancho:

As the sun set behind us, the long lights changed the look of the country and gave it a beauty that had in it an element of the mysterious and the unreal. The mountains loomed both larger and more vague than they had been in the bright sunlight, and the plains lost their look of parched desolation as the afterglow came and went. We were galloping through a world of dim shade and dying color; and, in this world, our horses suddenly halted on the brink of a deep ravine, from which came the thunder of a cataract. We reigned up on a jutting point. The snowy masses of the fall foamed over a ledge on our right, and below at our feet was a great pool of swirling water. Thick foliated trees, of strange shape and festooned with creepers, climbed the sheer sides of the ravine. A black-and-white eagle perched on a blasted treetop in front; and the bleached skull of a long-dead rhinoceros glimmered white near the brink to one side.

"African Game Trails" cannot be commented on without speaking of the much-discussed "pigskin library," which Mr. Roosevelt carried with him on safari, and the short literary chat by Colonel Roosevelt at the close of the volume. A list of the books is given and his reasons for the selection. Anent the criticism of this choice he says briefly, "There are so many thousands of good books that no list of small size is worth considering if it purports to give the 'best' books. There is no such thing as 'the' hundred best books, or 'the' best five-foot library; but there can be drawn up a very large number of lists, each of which shall contain 'a' hundred good books or fill 'a' five-foot library. This is, I am sure, all Mr. Eliot has tried to do." Adding that this library only represented a "tiny fraction" of those for which he cares, and reads continually. ("African Game Trails." By Theodore Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## "A Motley"

Judging from "Strife," John Galsworthy's virile play presented to American audiences in the east last winter, and from his experience as a playwright and author, the little sketch-book of his handiwork, designated "A Motley," just from the press, appears too fragmentary to be worthy of publication. The notes and impressions jotted down touching certain trivial incidents are, for the most part, but hints suggestive of possibilities for enlargement. The fine old gentleman, whose "Portrait" is painted so glowingly, the crusty churchman, who missed the fundamental truth of life; the vacant victim of Britannia's military system; the merry, little, brown-haired street gamin, in whom the "joy of life" sparkled; the small, worldly-wise pilgrims to Albert's memorial; the patient "workers;" the street sweeper, who "was always better than he had been" and finally "went home" from the almshouse he so dreaded; the courageous barber; the emigrants about to leave England "forever"—all are typically English in tone. For unadulterated mushiness and inanity, "The Meeting," "The Parting" and "The Lime Tree" are prizes. Galsworthy must have "ad em" when he perpetrated such tortured utterances as "the ache that the cry of the peacock brings," and "her breath, which seems to me visible, of a silver hue, and full of strange, soft music;" to say nothing of the peculiar fancies of "The Japanese Quince" and "Delight," the latter induced by witnessing a dance similar to Maud Allan's barefoot performances. Americans are too matter of fact for such hysterics. "The Kings" is sardonic in its cruel contrast

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## La Brea Ranch and the Cave Man

High praise has been accorded the "Cave Man," this summer's production at the Bohemian Club Grove by the San Francisco Bohemian Club. It is to be regretted that the 1910 printed program is so inartistically presented. Instead of a bookish, literary format, its "shiny" cover, and pages pinched at the back by wire staples are more remindful of a hardware catalogue than the literary product of the far-famed Bohemian Club. Gillet Burgess would have "done" it on Z news or grocery store paper and have made it "classy"—have given it the "touch" that is missing this year. Yet the names of Ned Hamilton and Amadee Joullin are in the book. Ned, it seems, sang Second Voice in the Epilogue, and Amadee played The Man-Beast. Indeed, the whole cast of the play—what play?

Well, it was written by Charles K. Field, and under his sireship was "done in the open" redwood forests that shelter the high jinks Bohemian Grove from the too fierce suns of Sonoma county. It must be admitted that, although two or three of the players are notoriously rich, they are also properly artists and men of discernment in other things than percentages. At the head of the cast, in the role of Broken Foot (who gets killed early in the evening, leaving the judge free to join the choruses of the epilogue), is Harry Melvin, who is justice of the supreme court in business hours and a true Bohemian and artist by nativity, training, inclination and capacity at all other hours. Waldemar Young was Scar Face, Spense Grant was Short Legs, Dick Hotaling was the heroine, etc., which shows (if you know anything of the old and true San Francisco Bohemian) that the cast—including Ned Hamilton and Joullin, remember—was about right.

As to the play: It was as good as it need have been. Its name suggests its date—way back when the ancestors of the present redwoods were young, when the stone axe was new and fire

had not been discovered—till about the close of the first act. Broken Foot is the wicked uncle who pours molten lead into—no, no; that is a later play. Broken Foot lures his brother to a tar pool—the one that is indigenous to La Brea ranch in Los Angeles county. He tells him of the game that awaits there, caught in a mighty snare. The descriptive lines here are particularly effective, and The Graphic ventures to quote a few of them:

There was a snare set—  
Not by the hands of men!  
Huge it was spread  
Over that open land;  
Out of the marshy ground,  
Black as a starless night,  
Oozed up a sticky slime  
At the edge of a pool  
\* \* \* \* \*

Birds and beasts  
Whose flesh is our food,  
Coming to drink there  
Are snared in the tar!

At the brink of the tar pit Broken Foot pushes in his brother, and then goes back to the cave and claims his brother's mate. Long Arm is the Hamlet who avenges his father's death, but upon his own recognition, instead of by the advice of a ghost. This was before the days of spooks, in fact—a very primitive time, and the plot is in sympathy with the time. All the versified lines of Long Arm are delightful. Had the whole play been written to the same meter it would have been stronger and better. As it is, with such an accomplished cast, it made a most delectable spectacle, Los Angeles members of the club report. The music is by W. J. McCoy. One must have heard it to be able to speak knowingly of it. Indeed, the whole play, the musical part of which is considerable, was constructed particularly for outdoor presentation in natural, primitive environment, and one who merely reads the book has little warrant to speak critically of it. One wishes, though, that it all had been written as forcibly and as artistically as are the rhythmic lines of Long Arm.

of the kingdoms to which each claimant enters. "The Neighbors," "Once More," "Compensation," "Forever," "A Miller of Dee" and "The Consummation" tell stories of human interest in varying degrees of intensity. The testimony of these sketches to the fine appreciation and sensibilities of the writer is ethereally fragile—almost too fragile for the majority. ("The Motley." By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## Magazines of the Month

Lippincott's for September has for its novelette a bright and entertaining love story, "The Mischief of Time," by Dorothea Deakin. The shorter fiction stories include one entitled "The Woman or the Spider," by Will Levington Comfort, being a tale of a man-hunt and its denouement. Burton E. Stevenson writes of "Flaherty's Promotion;" Karl von Krafft's contribution is a story, "The Brown Paper Parcel." "The Inspiration," by Anne Peacock, and "The Silly Things," by Frank Lawrence, are interesting fiction tales, and

poems and the "Ways of the Hour" department add to the issue.

## Occupying Its New Location

Informally, the California Furniture Company is occupying its handsome new building at 644-646 South Broadway—directly across the street from its former location. Opening week will be celebrated from September 19 to 24, in which time everyone will be welcome to inspect the entire establishment. Although founded but five years ago, this company has taken its place in the forefront of the standard furnishing houses of the city under the able management of A. H. Voigt.





## Notes From Bookland

Upward of fifty-five important new books are in the fall list of A. C. McClurg & Co., whose announcement reveals the great strides this well-known Chicago house has taken of late years in the publishing line. An idea of its enterprising methods may be gathered from the statement that for a single page advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post and in Collier's, the firm has contracted to pay upward of \$6,000. Its publicity campaign this winter involves the expenditure of \$25,000. A branch office and Pacific coast emporium are maintained at San Francisco in charge of E. S. Willard.

One of the important autumn novels will be "Flamsted Quarries," by Mary E. Waller, best known as the author of "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus,'" now in its twenty-fifth edition. "Flamsted Quarries" is said to be a powerful exposition, through characterization, of present-day conditions of American life—social and industrial. The heroine is the child of Irish immigrants; the scenes of the books are laid in New York and at the granite quarries of Maine. As in "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus,'" Miss Waller emphasizes the nobility and dignity of work and its healing power, and gives a true lesson from the heart of self-sacrifice and love. "Flamsted Quarries" will be published by Little, Brown & Co. early next month.

At the last dinner of the American Booksellers Association one of the souvenirs was a paperweight which contained this rubricated text: "To write a book is an easy task; it requires only pen and ink and some patient paper. To print a book is slightly more difficult, because genius often expresses itself in illegible manuscript. To read a book is still more difficult, as one must struggle against sleep. But the most difficult task that anyone may attempt is to sell a book." The Harpers presented the paperweights, but the sentiment belongs to one of the most prolific modern writers, Felix Dahn, a man who, moreover, never sold a book in his life. He is a German novelist, historian, jurist and playwright of prodigious industry.

Lovers of "Cranford" will be interested in the centenary celebration of Elizabeth Gaskell, author of that ever-charming book, who was born September 29, 1810. Mrs. Gaskell wrote many novels besides the famous "Cranford," but her greatest service to literature was her "Life of Charlotte Bronte," universally regarded as one of the masterpieces of English biography. As a sister-novelist, and as a friend, Mrs. Gaskell was exceptionally qualified to write the story of the Brontes. Her biography of Charlotte is included in all standard editions of the Bronte novels, and makes a separate volume in the new "Thornfield Bronte." In this edition another sister-novelist, Mrs. Humphry Ward, has written an introduction for each volume.

In view of the recent death of Prof. William James, his introductory remarks to "A Pluralistic Mystic" his latest work, is of especial interest. He tells his readers: "Not for the ignoble vulgar do I write this article, but only for those dialectic-mystic souls who have an irresistible taste, acquired or native, for higher flights of metaphysics. I have always held the opinion that one of the first duties of a good reader is to summon other readers to the enjoyment of any unknown author of rare quality whom he may discover in his explorations. Now, for years, my own taste, literary as well as philosophic, has been exquisitely titillated by a writer, the name of whom I think must be unknown to the readers of this article; so I no longer continue silent about the merits of Benjamin Paul Blood. Mr. Blood inhabits a city otherwise, I imagine, quite unvisited by the muses, the town called Amsterdam, situated on the New York Central railroad. What his regular or bread-winning occupation may be I know not, but it can't have made him super-wealthy. He is an author only when the fit strikes him, and for short spurts at a time; shy, moreover, to the point of publishing his compositions only as private tracts, or in letters to such far-from-reverberant organs of publicity

as the Gazette or the Recorder of his native Amsterdam, or the Utica Herald or the Albany Times. Odd places for such subtle efforts to appear in, but creditable to American editors in these degenerate days!"

**Los Angeles Women Cook With Current**  
Bringing electricity into every-day use in the household, for cooking, heating, sweeping and light laundry work, is one of the most interesting forms of popularizing of natural forces that is taking place at the present period. The convenience, cleanliness, coolness and even the cheapness of these appliances, when used intelligently and economically, appeal to every intelligent woman who gives the subject a little thought. When any one of these appliances is once used, it is never given up. To do so would be like going back to gaslight after using electricity. Several years ago the Southern California Edison Company began a campaign with the purpose of introducing electric flatirons. Today the electric flatiron has practically supplanted the old fire-heated iron.

While practical tests prove that electricity will do all manner of cooking better than it can be done by fuel, the Edison people are pushing their campaign of education along the "line of least resistance," or, in other words, introducing the appliances that are least expensive, and appeal most strongly to the housewife. The electric toaster, the electric toaster stove, and the electric griddle have been found to fill a very immediate want in every household, particularly the small household. With any one of these inexpensive appliances, a dainty breakfast, or a luncheon, can be prepared without raising the temperature of the room a degree.

With small families, the preparing of these simple meals on the dining-room table has come to be a custom. Toast is made so easily and quickly by electricity that appliance men think that the electric toaster soon will rival the electric iron in popularity. One cent's worth of the constant, even and reliable current supplied by the Southern California Edison Company, from its system of water-power generating plants in the mountains, will make about twenty slices of delicious toast. To popularize electric toasting, this company has purchased a carload of toasters of a new and highly improved design, which will be sold for the introducing price of \$3 each, while they last.

Mr. Charles S. Walton, the Los Angeles district agent of the company, has compiled some very interesting and reliable data, showing just what can be done with one cent's worth of Edison electricity, together with the cost of sixteen electrical cooking, heating, sewing and sweeping appliances. These will be mailed on receipt of a post card or a telephone call by the Appliance Department of the Southern California Edison Company, 120 East Fourth street, Home 'phone 10621, Sunset Main 7144.

Mr. Walton also urges the women of Los Angeles to call at this Appliance Department and see the beautiful assortment of down-to-date and thoroughly tested electrical household appliances. Experts are always on hand and ready to explain these appliances and quote their cost and the cost of operation and installation. A card or a phone call will bring an electric expert to your home with the appliance in which you are interested.

### California Roses

O, roses! roses! thoughts divine,  
Incarnate here below;  
White, red, golden and rich carmine;  
Speak, that my soul may know.

Radiant rose with heart of gold,  
What message dost thou bring?  
"A word of truth to young and old,  
Be true; for truth is king."

Rich, fragrant rose, with heart so red,  
Hast thou a message, too?  
"Love is the message from my heart shed,  
God's thought of love for you."

Only a rose, a simple rose,  
White as the driven snow,  
Breathing "purity, truth and love"  
To mortals here below.

O, royal roses, thoughts divine,  
Thy fragrant truths instill;  
That we may live our lives as thine;  
Obedient to God's will.

Breathing purity, truth and love,  
In every thought and deed;  
Knowing sunshine from above  
Will meet our daily need.

—E. M. SMALPAGE.

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## Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

who visited here earlier in the season, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ainsworth at their Redondo Beach home.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Watson of Hobart boulevard, with their house guest, Mrs. L. M. Reed of Denver, have been enjoying an outing at Coronado.

Mrs. Willoughby Rodman of Orchard avenue is home after a fortnight's visit at Hermosa Beach with Mrs. Albert Crutcher and Mrs. Cliff Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rubo of 2404 West Seventh street have returned from an extended trip to Alaska and the Yellowstone National Park.

Mrs. W. H. Hosking and Miss Eloise Hosking of 664 Benton boulevard have returned from a three months' trip to Michigan and Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, who have been at their Santa Monica cottage all summer, are now at their home in Chester place.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lantz and family of South Figueroa street have returned from a month's outing at their country home.

### Los Angelenos Abroad

One of the largest around-the-world parties to go from Los Angeles left Sunday under the auspices of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. Included in the group were: Mrs. Mary Norris, Mrs. Frances L. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Swope, Mr. and Mrs. W. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Burns and maid, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McConnell, Dr. and Mrs. James Dock, Prof. Samuel T. Black, Miss M. D. Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bushnell, Mrs. Alice H. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Briggs, Judge E. G. Henry, Mrs. Emma Markham, Mr. D. M. Markham, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jameson, Mr. J. G. Jameson, Mr. W. H. Jameson, Jr., Miss Eloise Jameson, Miss Bernice Jameson, Miss Adelaide Jameson, Dr. and Mrs. James Trotter, Miss Hetty Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Tucker, Mr. A. D. Reithmuller and Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Miller. The party will visit Honolulu, Japan, China, Korea, Manchuria, Malay Peninsula, Java, India, Ceylon, Egypt, after which an extended tour will be made through Europe. Another party will leave next week including Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Newberry and Miss Marion Newberry of Bonnie Brae street. They will sail on the S.S. Manchuria from San Francisco, September 27, and will make a tour of the world, visiting Honolulu, Japan, China, Korea, Manchuria, Ceylon, Egypt, Arabia, India and other countries. A party which has concluded a tour of the world under the same company's auspices returned home this week. In the group were Mr. P. G. Gates, Miss Velma J. Gates, Miss Cornelia Gates, Pasadena; Mrs. Mary G. Parsons, Miss Jessie Parsons, Miss Nellie Parsons, Miss Cornelia Parsons, Mrs. C. W. Christain, Miss Nelye Dickson, Miss Louise Dickson, Miss Bartha E. Foster, Miss Lela Glasscock, Miss Haldee Glasscock, Miss Veda Tolchard, and Miss J. Williamson.

Miss Emma Markham and her two

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sons, Mr. Dean Monroe Markham and Mr. Aloise D. Reithmuller, left Monday for a tour of the world. Mr. Reithmuller will continue his study of art in Paris.

Mrs. Mary Banning Norris and Mrs. Frances Rowe of New York left Monday evening for the north, where they will join a party that sails from San Francisco soon on the Siberia for a tour of the world.

Mrs. Freeman G. Teed, Mrs. C. W. Pendleton and Miss Pendleton will leave next week for New York, whence they will sail for Europe to enjoy a year's travel.

Few are more familiar with that great natural wonder of America, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona, than George Wharton James of Pasadena. Annually, for nearly twenty years, he has explored this region, camping in its various parts and making a careful study of its manifold features. Mr. James has written and lectured on the Grand Canyon, and now he has produced an entirely new book called "The Grand Canyon of Arizona: How to See It," which Little, Brown & Co. have published in a concise and comprehensive manner. It will be reviewed in The Graphic next week.





Bear conditions are rampant on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, with price slaughtering this week more marked than has been noted in three years. What, with Union soft at more than a point under par, and several of the lesser oils having lost as much as 90 per cent in market value since January 1, conditions are anything but promising for an upward tendency in the immediate future, although until recently it looked as if there were to be a bull market by the time the regular season of trading known to this region had set in, certainly not later than October 1. Instead, at this writing it would seem as if the market not yet had reached bottom. This in spite of the fact that extraordinary support is being thrown around a few of the staples that always have been the local security market leaders.

Just what struck the Stewart oils this week does not appear on the surface. One story in circulation was to the effect that the recently-filed Baker suit, in which it is charged there has been inside manipulation of oil product prices to the detriment of Newlove Oil stockholders, was taking the starch out of Union. Another reason assigned for the break in prices was the statement that several banking institutions had been ordered to reduce their loans with Union as collateral by the state banking department. Still another story has it that New York, anxious to realize, had shipped a lot of Union to Los Angeles for liquidation. While yet another alleged reason given was that important stockholders, in order to force Union to a higher dividend basis, were throwing big blocks of stock overboard. Probably the real reason for the sharp slump is that the market has been loaded with Union to the limit, and as monetary conditions are constantly hardening, it was deemed wise by important financial interests to call certain Union Oil stock loans. That precipitated a condition which choked the buying power in the stock and prices sloughed off because the supply was greatly in excess of the demand.

Mexican Common has been the bright particular exception in an otherwise overfed market, the stock having gained full two points since the last report. In the lesser petroleum, Consolidated Midway continues the market leader, with the shares, however, in a somewhat weak condition at this time. The stock was forced up by artificial market hydrogen, which, when it was withdrawn, forced a price tumble much more violent than had been the rise less than two weeks ago. While the shares may be worth intrinsically more than the present quotations, there is danger of a dynamite discharge under the market that may result in considerable trouble before bottom has been reached, according to experts. And because Cleveland, another of the same style of market performers, touched 6 cents this week, a loss of more than 95 per cent in market value since January 1, those who have been taking on large blocks of Consolidated Midway are fearful that the latter also may travel the same path in even quicker time.

In the industrial as well as in the bond lists, conditions continue at a standstill, with no indications of a revival in the immediate future.

There is little doing in the mining shares, and with money for speculation not to be had even at the prevailing rates of 3 and 4 per cent a month, there is slight prospect for anything better directly ahead.

#### Banks and Banking

Following a radical change among the bank examiners by which twenty men were assigned to new fields last week, Comptroller of the Currency Lawrence O. Murray has begun a per-

sonal investigation of the conditions in all examination districts. In explanation of his action the comptroller asserts that with a few possible exceptions, the national bank failures which have occurred in his term of office could have been averted had the examiners determined the conditions of the institutions and reported their findings in time to allow for an enforced correction of the banks' affairs. An inadequate system, inefficiency or carelessness on the part of the examiners is held by the comptroller as being among the reasons impending disasters are not discovered and prevented, and his quest will be to ascertain the direct cause of the trouble. Examiners of banks that have failed have found excuse in the claim that they have been unable to learn in advance of a bank's true condition, and that officers and directors would not correct affairs brought to their attention. Mr. Murray also will seek to ascertain why a part of the examiners are capable of correcting, while they are in the bank, all conditions subject to criticism, while others are either unwilling or unable to accomplish such results, and only make their report to the comptroller's office, claiming that it is practically impossible to compel the various boards to meet with them in the progress or at the close of the examination. Comptroller Murray's investigation will be to learn by personal experience the difficulties encountered by the bank examiners; to weed out the inefficient employees, or, if the system is at fault, to devise a method of correction.

On behalf of business associates, James Lee, a curb broker, has undertaken to test the constitutionality of the new law which went into effect in New York state, September 1, to regulate all private banks or all businesses which in any way accept money for deposit. An order to show cause why the attorney-general, district attorney, police commissioner and the state comptroller should not be enjoined from enforcing the provisions of the law is before the New York state supreme court. Counsel for Mr. Lee argued that the law imposes unequal restraints, giving to the great business houses a freedom denied the smaller banker, thus, to all intents and purposes, depriving him of his business and his property without due process of law. Louis Marshall, who appears for the state's attorney general, in his argument recalls how a commission appointed in 1908 by Governor Hughes found serious abuses in the small private banks throughout this city, chiefly patronized by poor immigrants. During the panic of 1907 these lost \$2,000,000. "It was easier to run a bank than a saloon," says the lawyer, "for the private banker was subject to no regulations, whereas the saloon had to comply with distinct restrictions." Justice Bijur accepted the briefs of counsel and reserved decision.

Eastern bankers report a perceptible improvement in the automobile situation, which is reassuring, now that the tendency toward extravagance has been checked. For a time there was imminent danger of a breakdown in this class of credit, due to overextension by manufacturers who had invested too freely in brick and mortar and in raw material under the belief that there could be no letup in the demand for automobiles in the future. When the reaction in business came, and especially in the cheap grade of cars, it taxed certain of these concerns heavily to meet their charges. Banks were forced to extend credit, and the profits in the business are so large that there seems to be little likelihood that there will be a collapse of credits in this trade. Should there be a breakdown

now, it might prove serious in face of the general situation, but the indications point to the nursing along of the weaker concerns until they can work out their own salvation.

Thirty applications to organize national banks were received by Comptroller Murray in August. Of the applications pending twenty were approved and four were rejected. In the same month twelve banks with total capital of \$3,105,000, were authorized to begin business, of which number three, with capital of \$80,000, had individual capital of less than \$50,000, and nine, with capital of \$3,025,000, have individual capital of \$50,000 or over. The total number of national banks is 9,834, of which 2,650 have discontinued business, leaving in existence 7,184 banks, with authorized capital of \$1,021,667,133, and circulation outstanding secured by bonds \$687,132,323. The total amount of national bank circulation outstanding is \$717,821,051, of which \$30,188,728 is covered by lawful money of a like amount deposited with the treasurer of the United States on account of liquidating and insolvent national banks and associations which have reduced their circulation.

Actual statement of condition of the New York associated banks last Saturday, at the opening of business, showed a loan expansion for the week of only \$2,909,000, but the cash loss was \$12,181,000. The surplus in excess of legal requirements was \$3,795,000, leaving a surplus of \$28,479,000, while the surplus under the 25 per cent rule decreased \$3,789,000, leaving a surplus of \$29,069,000.

In the hearing before Judge Hervey of the superior court of the German-American Savings Bank's suit against the county for a refund of \$1,794, paid under protest as the tax upon a franchise right appraised in 1908 at \$157,455, the court sustained the demurrer of the county thus practically deciding in favor of the defendant.

Los Angeles bank clearings Monday reached the high total of \$3,292,463, exceeding the corresponding banking day of last year by \$702,278 and the same day in 1908 by \$1,512,416. There has been a steady growth in the clearings all year, due largely to increased trade and increased production.

Chicago bank clearings last week decreased \$19,306,926 and the balances \$13,510,726.

#### Latest Railroad Statistics in Brief

Statistics relative to the total capitalization of railroads is especially interesting at this time. According to Poor's Manual of Railroads for 1910, the capital stock of all the railroads in the United States at the end of 1909 was \$8,030,680,963, compared with \$7,641,913,086, an increase of \$388,767,877, or 5.09 per cent. The bonded debt at the end of 1909 was \$9,118,103,813. The increase in this item was \$329,585,768, or 3.75 per cent, in the twelve months. The profit and loss surplus of all the roads is \$919,823,188. The number of passengers carried in 1909 was 924,423,075, an increase of 33,188,072. The gross earnings for 1909 were \$2,513,212,763, as against \$2,407,019,810 in 1908. The increase was \$106,192,953, or 4.41 per cent. The net earnings for 1909 were \$852,153,280, against \$717,802,167 for the preceding year. The increase was \$134,351,113, or 18.73 per cent. The total mileage of steam railroads on December 31, 1909, was 238,356 miles, as against 232,046 miles on December 31, 1908, showing an increase of 6,310 miles. The revenue a ton mile was .757 cent, as against .767 cent in 1908. The revenue a passenger mile was 1.934 cents, as against 1.964 cents in 1908.

#### Business Conditions Continue Mixed

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade up to last Monday said: "There is a continuance of former mixed conditions of trade and industry, which is less pronounced in productive sections than in the distributing markets. It shows most clearly in the speculative and financial centers, which are exceedingly sensitive to political influences. It is felt in certain industries more than in others, there being an uneven development of trade. But in spite of the reaction, a vast aggregate of business is being carried on, making a really high average of transactions. The profit of commerce is, however, not so evident as its volume, the mar-

gin between cost and price being narrowed and leading in some cases, notably in cotton spinning, to suspension of operations.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Some comment has been aroused over the appearance of an item in the St. Paul's balance sheet for June 30, 1910, entitled "Installments of European Loan of 1910" amounting to \$14,655,630. This is the formal title of the issue of bonds, \$50,000,000 in all, recently underwritten by the French banking syndicate, the 4 per cent fifteen-year European loan of 1910. The banking syndicate is under agreement to pay for the bonds in installments. Up to June 30 the amount shown in the balance sheet had been paid, but since that time the syndicate has paid in to the St. Paul about \$18,000,000 more, making the total thus far received by the railroad something like \$32,000,000.

According to the Monetary Times of Canada, the Dominion's aggregate investment of foreign capital, not including British and American capital, is now \$77,887,502, in which France is represented by \$49,250,000, Germany by \$16,500,000, Belgium by \$5,750,000, Turkey by \$3,000,000, and Russia by \$950,000. British and American capital invested amounts to \$885,000,000.

New bonds, notes and stocks were issued during August by railroad, industrial and other corporations in the United States to the amount of only \$63,452,539. This is the lowest monthly output since 1908 and a decrease of \$19,552,361, as compared with August of last year. The absence of demand for bonds is reflected by a decrease of \$14,503,361.

San Bernardino Merchants Protective Association is agitating a municipal electric light service plant, the move being precipitated by the allegation that present charges are too great. In order that the municipal plant may be built, a charter revision of the city ordinances must be made, either doing away with the bonding limit or extending it to 15 per cent of valuation.

No bids were received for the Antelope school district bonds in the sum of \$2,500, and these bonds will be advertised for sale again October 3. Bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Roosevelt school district bonds of \$2,400 will be advertised for sale on the same date. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 p.m., September 26, by the board of supervisors for the purchase of the bonds of the Claremont high school in the sum of \$75,000. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum and certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid.

Supervisors of San Bernardino have ordered the sale of two issues of school bonds for September 26. The issues are the Waterman school district for \$3,000 and the Hinkley district for \$2,000. Latter bonds bear 5 per cent, and certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

Los Angeles supervisors will receive bids up to 2 p.m. October 3 for the purchase of bonds of the Newhall school district in the sum of \$6,000. They will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

At a special election, to be held the latter part of the year or early in 1911, to vote bonds to erect a polytechnic high school for San Diego, a provision also will be made for the sale of the B street school property.

Electors of the Elder school district will hold an election September 27 to vote bonds in the sum of \$5,800 to erect a school house. The bonds will bear 6 per cent interest per annum.

Members of the board of supervisors have been asked by the highway commissioners to advertise highway bonds in the sum of \$525,000. Funds on hand are reported to aggregate \$450,000.

Only one bid was offered for the Riverside city school bonds of \$250,000. Barroll & Co., whose offer carried a premium of \$125, were awarded the issue.

C. E. Woodside made the highest bid for the Monrovia city high school district bonds in the sum of \$125,000, his offer carrying a premium of \$5,225.